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BAD MANNERS IN PUBLIC PLACES.

We are sometimes disturbed, though we have ceased to be surprised, by the occasional bad manners of persons who are generally considered well-bred people, and who would be greatly offended to be told that they are not so. They take occasion to show off their ill-breeding in the most conspicuous ways, by the ridiculous airs they assume, and the utter disregard which they manifest for the comfort of others in public places. It is not many months since at an evening service, during one of the most solemn, impressive and affecting sermons that we have heard for years, two young people, well dressed and apparently belonging to a respectable class in society, by their nods, smiles and occasional whisperings, distracted our attention, for we were very near them, and seriously impaired our enjoyment. This was in a neighboring State. But, nearer home and within a few evenings, during the delivery of a highly interesting lecture which we had gone several miles to hear, it was our misfortune to be seated near young people whose general conduct and character we highly respect, but who on that evening, instead of listening to the lecture, felt called upon to keep up a miscellaneous and apparently amusing conversation among themselves to the sore annoyance of all who were placed near them. Sometimes we see this same rude, vulgar and unmannerly practice in church on the Sabbath. We can only say, that they who have so little regard for what is due to themselves and to the rights and feelings of others, will do well to stay where their ill-breeding will be less conspicuous. If their social feelings are so ardent, and their affection for their friends so overpowering, that they cannot sit together one hour in silence, they will do well to frequent only those places—if such places there are—where winking, nodding, and whispering are becoming. The practice, however, we believe, comes almost entirely from thoughtlessness; and if any of our friends should receive our remarks as applicable to them, we have no doubt that they will thank us for our kindness, and love us all the more for our fidelity. Any one can perform a pleasant duty.

The author of the following letter, was a professor in the same Theological School at Geneva with D'Aubigne and Gaussen whose work on Theopneusties. holding to a plenary verbal inspiration, has been translated by Rev. E. N. Kirk, and extensively read in this country. The author of this letter, after a thorough investigation of the subject came to conclusions very different from the doctrine maintained by Gaussen, and as a consequence his connection with the Theological School was dissolved. His view of the Gospels is, that they are faithful, but not divinely inspired, narratives of facts. His first letter gives his views of inspiration, the second, of which a translation has been kindly furnished for us, shows more the spirit of the man and of his religion. We trust to the intelligence of our readers too much to feel it necessary to comment on every expression with which we may not agree. To us it is an exceedingly interesting letter.

SECOND LETTER.

[Translated for the Register.]

TO A FRIEND.

April, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND,—Perhaps without participating altogether in the views expressed in my letter of resignation, you have long felt the feebleness of the theopneustic system; its arguments are repugnant to your historical sense, and the narrow dogmatism to which it leads, to your religious sentiment; in a word you have to abandon the traditional basis of protestantism. In its place, however, there is left an uneasiness, and you hesitate painfully between a faith which you can no longer accept, and the consequences of a principle which you can no longer reject. You comprehend that the doctrine in question is not a mere excrescence which one can remove from a dogmatic system without affecting its organism; it rather involves the transportation of one's faith to a new climate and procuring for it thus new conditions of development. This is just what affrights you. You suspect the novelty because unknown, and question, not without anguish, whether in this theological adventure you may not risk the loss of the truth which has become so dear to you, whether doubt will not succeed to doubt and one mist to another, until you finish perhaps by stranding upon the desert shore of religious scepticism.

It does not become me to reproach you for apprehensions which I have long shared. Confess nevertheless that in these fears there is more incredulity than faith. Is the Gospel truth divine to you? Has not its power, that is to say, its truth, made itself felt upon your heart? Have you not found salvation and life in Jesus Christ? And if this is true, how can you fear that any fact whatever can endanger this fact of immediate personal assurance. Can the Gospel have anything to fear from serious researches or sure results? Ought the Christian who knows in whom he has believed ever to forget that his faith is independent of science, because it is born in another sphere; and at the same time, that it cannot come into conflict with any truth, because it is itself true.

Far from being incompatible with criticism, faith carries a power of criticism in herself. It is thus she purifies, renews and perpetuates herself. It is like organized bodies, which not only have the faculty of rejecting every foreign substance by the play of life, but whose constituent elements are moreover carried forward through as it were a continual transformation. Is not this transformation joined with identity, this identity in the transformation, life itself,—the life of man, and the life of the soul?

Arm yourself, then, my friend, with this assurance, that Christianity loses nothing when she frees herself from a doctrine, which if false is on that account a morbid superfetation. Have the courage to cast away a dogma which in fact you cannot believe. Assume with the assurance of faith a free position whence to view history, confident that the Gospel can never be transplanted to a virgin soil and under its native skies without producing the sweetest fruits. You believe in Jesus Christ, believe also in Truth.

Can we in fact, believe in one without believing in the other? Are not confidence in Truth and faith in Christ essentially the same? This is a sacrifice of self; that, a sacrifice of our timidity, our prejudices, our party-spirit, still a sacrifice of self. The obstacle is in all cases the same. To believe is always to renounce self. To believe is to abandon one's self to God. To believe is to lose one's life; to lose, to find it again; but still to lose it. The mortal apathy which paralyses our spiritual being and makes so odious to us the duty of thinking, judging, acting for ourselves, the profound aversion which we feel for practical individualism, this is what prevents the soul from coming into that vital contact with the truth, called Faith. We love habit because it dispenses with effort; we prefer authority to independence; because even if authority be a school-mistress, it delivers us from the anxieties of a self administration replete with perils. We wish the truth to present itself under imperious forms; we ask it to be evident, to bear the seal of the absolute upon its face; and to content us perfectly, it must in some sort assume the task of making us Christians in spite of ourselves.

These secret instincts concentrate themselves into a tendency, which I shall call intellectualism, and which forms one of the evils of our religious life. A repugnance to the inward way, which alone unites to Christ, the rooted and subtle desire to become Christian, at the cheapest possible price, to enjoy the Gospel while shunning the obligations which it brings, and to this effect to possess it under a form, which does not enlist our moral nature; this repugnance, this desire, have bred a Christianity altogether dogmatic. But the possession of religious truth is anything but independent of the religious life, and this is why this truth is susceptible in us of degrees, more and less; this is why it has its lights and shadows, and this is why moreover, it imposes obligation. We can keep it only in the chalice of a penitent and vigilant heart. But brought face to face with this fact, the egotistical and worldly self, feels directly menaced, and all its efforts aim at lifting Christianity from its personal conditions of existence. It is imprisoned in a formula, it is stiffened into a syllogism, it is enchased in a system, it is made an etiquette: Orthodoxy; and thenceforth one is a Christian, because one admits the consecrated doctrine.

But to return to my subject, for you will not thank me for a critique upon Orthodoxy, let me inquire with you what of the Gospel will remain, or rather under what form it will then appear, after we have completely discarded traditional dogmatic prejudices and behold it from a strictly historic point of view. Disengaging the edifice from constructions which mask its primitive proportions I wish to inquire with you whether the temple which so many ages have adored still rests in stable equilibrium upon its base, revealing the immortal idea of the architect.

There are two things which revelation presupposes rather than produces: the knowledge of God, and the conscience of sin.

My Friend, the Gospel is not for everybody. It addresses itself very directly to some, but never comes into contact with the rest. The Lord has said: They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick. But the Gospel is a remedy for the dying, and they only can welcome it who have felt the constraints of an evil about which it is so easy to be deceived. Essentially there is but one heresy, that is the denial of sin. Mother of all others it soon comes to deny, both the Father and the Son. So also there is but one condition of faith, or rather there is but one faith, viz., that which hopes and sighs, that which mourns and hungers, that of the poor in spirit, that of the publican, bowed to the dust in the temple, that of the sick who touches trembling the border of the robe of Jesus, that of the sinner, who covers the feet of the Master, with tears of repentance and smothered sobs. The Lord reveals himself to the broken and contrite heart. The Christian should be continually steeped in humiliation and the spirit of penitence, because then only can he know the worth of Jesus Christ.

The Gospel addresses itself to this sentiment of sin. But that is to say, that it pre-supposes it, and does not create it. It is not the less a truth, that the knowledge of evil has been revealed, developed, by the knowledge of salvation; grace makes to abound in hearts the need of grace, and the word sin has drawn all its signification from the word redemption. I may say the same of the idea of God. The Gospel presupposes the knowledge of God, of his laws, of our relations to him; and yet God out of Jesus Christ, is like a fugitive shadow, which one in vain endeavors to hold fast;—sufficiently apparent to be recognized, sufficiently manifest to be troublesome, sufficiently evident to disquiet, yet not enough so, to leave a distinct notion in the soul. By turns he exhibits and conceals himself. The dread we have of him at once veils and unveils Him. The Jew himself relapses incessantly into Idolatry. Love is the true nature of God, and we comprehend him only when we comprehend him thus, and we comprehend him thus, only after we have heard the voice within, announcing that our sins are pardoned.

One word is the whole Gospel, and the entire Gospel is concentrated in—Jesus Christ. You ask me what remains of Christianity after retrenching the dogma of Inspiration?—Jesus Christ. What is left of the Scriptures?—the history of Jesus Christ. What is left of Faith?—the person of Jesus Christ. This is the beginning and end, the centre and whole. To attach one's self to the historic reality of the Lord, to accept him such as he offers himself, to receive him just what he shows himself to be, to desert all systems and inquire of him alone, to distrust pre-conceived notions, to put confidence in him alone, to dare to place one's self before him to receive directly the impression which he wishes to produce, to abandon one's self to his words, to his individuality, to become again as it were one of those who followed him in the villages of Galilee, and in the streets of Jerusalem, to see, to hear, to touch him, to sit like Mary at his feet, like Zaccheus to invite him home, to be present at his life and death, at his death and resurrection, to fix the eye upon his cross and be plunged into the mute contemplation of his sufferings and love, to represent without ceasing to one's self such power in union with such benignity, such humility and so much grandeur, such suffering and such holiness, to penetrate more deeply every day the clear depths of his instruction and his character, to bathe in those emanations of eternal life which radiated round him, to feel the triumph which he wrought out over evil and over death, to let the traits of this immortal image paint themselves and be transcribed on all the habits of our being, this sublime personality fashion out our personality.—O my friend, is not this Faith, and the salvation which is promised to Faith? And have we need of Theopneusty for all this?

Jesus Christ is not so much a revelator as a revelation. He does not teach us doctrine, he manifests to us a pardoning God. All that is essential in him is his person, and what constitutes this person is the self-consciousness of which he is possessed and of which his acts are his words are but the expression. Jesus appears to us above all as the second Adam; he is the primitive and ideal man; the sense of sin never betrays itself in him, nor can we ever, even in thought, even for a moment, associate the idea of evil with our idea of him. And still this moral side of the apparition of Christ, under which we perceive him most immediately, is far from exhausting our conception of his person. Something of the Supreme shoots across his perfection so really human. Purely man like ourselves, he nevertheless has a self-conscious existence superior to that of man. Humanity lifts itself in him to Divinity. He alone has known the Father, with whom he stands in a unique relation. Whoever has seen him, has seen God. All things have been committed to His hands. He resides with his own even unto the end of the world. The Church adores him, and prays to Him, and confesses, that her Savior reigns in heaven and on earth, and that reconciliation is wrought out by him, because it is fulfilled in him, to wit, in the very union of God with man.

The person of Jesus Christ is miracle par excellence; all other miracles are but the efflux or the prolongation of this. A miracle was needed, I mean by that, an intervention on the part of God to save us, because the sinner cannot save himself. And there is the point that separates forever, Christian Supernaturalism, from rationalistic Pelagianism. The rationalist is a man who does not really believe in salvation, because he does not really believe in sin, and thenceforth has less need of a Savior than of a physician. I have often thought that Orthodoxy has a good share of Rationalism. Extremes touch. Religious Truth exists only in the intensity of religious life. Destitute of this, we ever fall on one side or other into the very errors we most energetically disavow. The protestant rejects the *opus operatum* of the Catholic sacraments, and re-affirms it in his doctrine of a mechanical inspiration and of an exterior justification; he repels rationalism by his vivid sense of sin, and of the need of a redemption, and then makes common cause with it by regarding Revelation as in its highest form Instruction. The only difference is that the rationalist sees moral instruction in it, whilst Orthodoxy only looks for dogmatic preaching. Thence arises a pernicious confusion between error and sin. The same Christian who repels with indignation the Romish principle: "Out of the Church there is no salvation," is not afraid to post up just the same—the principle according to which there is no salvation except for the adherents of a system of theology. Exaggerating and consequently falsifying the real relations of belief and life, they recur to that erroneous doctrine of heathen philosophy which made virtue to consist in knowledge, and they substitute justification by the dogma for justification by faith.

But I perceive that this is a digression, and I return again to my subject.

The work of Christ is his person in action, as the person of Christ is his work in power. His death is the culminating point of this work. The crucifixion on Golgotha constituted moreover the historical condition of the conflict of justice with the world, of Good with Evil. It was needful that Jesus should succumb under the hatred of the Pharisees whom he condemned, and from the very beginning he had recognised the necessity of the final sacrifice.

But there is here more than a simple law of history. The work of Christ is a work of salvation. Jesus saves us by his participation of humanity, by his realisation of holiness, and by the manifestation of the love and the pardon of God in him.

In effect, if all men have been made sinners by the disobedience of the first Adam, the power of sin has also been broken for us by the obedience of the second. What happened to the one and to the other, happened to the profit or to the damage of the entire race. Mysterious solidarity which I can neither deny, nor penetrate, and which claims all the attention of the Christian philosopher.

The appearance in Christ of the Ideal the most real, of reality the most ideal, of a humanity all divine, of a divinity all human, is an element of the redemption too much misconceived. Christ, by showing us the life of God in himself, condemns the life of the world in us; by making his own light resplendent, brings out the full blackness of our darkness; and hereby provokes the hatred and opposition of some, but the penitence and aspirations of others. This is why, as I have said before, the sense of sin dates in reality from the advent of the Saviour.

But this is not enough. Repentance is not deliverance. To enter upon the new life which is obedience and liberty, the heart closed by fear, must be re-opened by love. He who fears does not love, and he cannot obey, because love is the true principle of obedience. It is law, that is to say the spirit of servitude, that provokes sin; it is grace, that is to say, pardon and love that makes sin die. But grace has been announced, exhibited, communicated to us in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is not only a miracle of God, but he is also a gift of God.

The Father has given and abandoned to us his Son. The Saviour does not declare pardon, as the rationalist would have it, neither does he wrest it from God as the Orthodox are pleased to say; he is in his own person the pledge, the proof, the realization, and, so to speak, the substance of it himself.

The redemption which is accomplished for us, ought also to complete itself in us. A new creation must work itself out in the heart, and the spirit of God must do, as in the day when it moved upon the face of the deep. The sinner, I have said, cannot deliver himself, because he cannot repulse sin, which has become within him both affection and nature, because he cannot separate himself from his proper self. He wants a fulcrum point from which to act upon himself the creating word to change death into life. The Holy Ghost is the vicar of Jesus Christ, he that is sent for him, to manifest him to the soul, and to consummate his work.

Whether we regard Christ or ourselves, the exterior or the interior conditions of salvation, the salvation which saves us is that only which implies the death of sin. We have received pardon, that is to say gratuitous pardon, we are justified, that is to say justified without works; but the faith by which we participate in the redemption, which is by Jesus Christ, is not a mere assent to that intelligence: it is the adhesion of the entire Man to the entire Christ, a reunion of our person with his person, a reception of his life into ourselves.

Heaven is too often represented as a habitation into which one enters by pardon as by a door, and where one is admitted in consequence of a sentence entirely judicial, which is justification by virtue of a condition wholly external, which is the substitution of Christ, and of still a third condition quite arbitrary, which is faith in this substitution. There are gross notions, which confound with the intimate nature of the things an imperfect symbol borrowed from the usages of men. Heaven is life eternal, and this life is not only to come; every one possesses it in the measure in which he possesses Jesus Christ. In it reside the power and promise of the Resurrection; destruction can do nothing with this adamantine chain uniting the Soul to the Saviour; one with him I can no more die than he can; faith creates in me an imperishable germ which sooner or later shall pierce the very stones of the tomb. The Saviour hath said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

It is for this reason namely that faith is essentially a commerce and communion with Jesus Christ, that the Scriptures hold so capital a place in the life of the Church, and of the believer. The Church will suffice to propagate what are called the truths of Christianity, original sin, the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment. But to see the Saviour himself, to be spectator of his life, to gather in his words, to contemplate his image, to find and contemplate it again in those who were the first to contemplate it, we must have recourse to the biblical writings. There we listen to the disciple who saw with his own eye and touched with his own hands the Master. There we find preserved by authentic tradition the deep traces which Jesus left behind him in the memory of those who once surrounded him. There we assist at the first developements of the Church. There we see the Gospel at once so unique and so diverse, which the first and greatest of the messengers of God proclaimed. The theory of inspiration is false; but, like all errors, it has a foundation of truth which is the reason of its being. The true element in that superstition of which the scriptures have been the object, is the unique relation in which this scripture stands to the Lord, and therefore to our faith. Among the books of the New Testament, some show us Jesus Christ in all the detail and reality of his life, while others emanate from the direct contact with his present or his glorified person. Hence the profound and forever distinctive character of these books, in whichalone we find the image and the history of the Son of Man, and by their means alone can enter with him into that personal intimacy which is the essence of the Christian life.

Still, the relative position of the believer, and the scripture does but embarrass you, "If he ceases to accept the whole, he must make a selection, and how can he do that? If it be possible for the well-exercised theologian, how could the little, the ignorant?" Your anxiety does not seem to me, my friend, well-founded. It is no affair of criticism, of science. The stand-point of history is here the stand-point of faith, because the history of which we speak is a religious one. The Gospel facts are facts which he must acknowledge and not which he must create; but seeing that they are facts which have a spiritual bearing, it is at first wholly to Faith that they present themselves, Faith which acknowledges them, and seizes them in their double character of spiritual and historic. There is no need of learned researches to appreciate the authenticity of the sacred stories. The writers of the New Testament did not invent Jesus Christ, because they could not invent a person such as his, because the image here absolutely presupposes the original. To imagine Christ, one must have been Christ. But faith reasons thus instinctively; feeling what science must demonstrate. This intuitive procedure of apologetics is applicable moreover to details, as well as to the entire work. The Christian, brought face to face with his Bible, is not called upon to make an election concerning what is historical or doubtful, true or uncertain. He possesses in himself the principle of a spiritual election, which governs the other, and which, besides, is in exercise every day along with, and in spite of the theopneustic system. The reader of scripture most attached to the dogma of inspiration knows very well how to pass over the parts which offer him no food, to attach himself in preference and return incessantly to those in which he finds edification. There is a certain relationship, and as it were an elective affinity between the Holy Spirit in the heart of the believer, and the Holy Spirit in the Bible. But the religious truth, which alone ought to be the object of faith, is nothing else but this spiritual substance of the Bible, this word of God in the scripture.

If the Christian be a possibility, the Church ought to be equally possible under these conditions. I mean the Church in the true sense of the word, that is to say, the assembly of Christians united by the faith which is common to them all. This will not be, it is true, the Church of multitude, the pedagogic institution which has proposed to itself to train up the people for God, and which has failed in its task; but it will be the Church of believers, which has prepared and greeted the approach of religious individualism. This Church will no longer make of scripture a code, or of some confession of faith a charter; but along with the dogma of inspiration will free itself from excessive dogmatic prepossessions. It will be free, because it will be spiritual; it will bear a sacred unction on its forehead; and such will be its character, that the act of rallying to it will imply entirely a profession of principles.

Providence, which disposes times and events, has already prepared in many ways this Church of the future, which seems to wait for its entrance into life only for enfranchisement from the better. But we may say that God has prepared at the same time, a still grander work. Never has there been in christendom such a weariness of divisions, such a longing to unite that which is separated by artificial barriers, such aspiration towards true catholicity. The exigencies of charity are better comprehended, polesies has lost a part of its asperity, dogmatism a part of its pretension. In a word, the disciples of Jesus Christ tend to an evangelical alliance, in which the rights of unity, and the rights of diversity will harmonise. Shall we presume too much on the success of our convictions, in supposing that the ruin of theopneusity, that grand source of sects and of dogmatism, is destined to contribute something to this union of souls in true spirituality?

This need of union coincides moreover with the sense of a danger. Paganism in times of yore crushed by the cross is now again rising from its long defeat. Infidelity, which belongs to all times, has at length come to its conscience and hesitates to bear any longer its true name. All the conquests of the gospel are brought in question: the dominion of the spirit over the flesh, the rights of the conscience and of the individual, faith in God, the hope of a life to come, the sacredness of the family, resignation, subordination, development. A grand crusade is preparing against all that is Christian. The conflict will commence between the World and the Church, the flesh and the Spirit, force and faith. The question which implies the salvation of societies, like that of individuals, is to be debated anew. Now as, at other times, a last and decisive hour is about to strike. Need I say it? The gospel cannot have grown old. It still possesses the secret of its conquests, it alone can still in our own day save the perishing world. However, there is one condition. It is the Gospel that shall save our Europe, if Europe is willing to be saved; it is not Theology. There is a division line to be drawn between the essential elements, and the changing conceptions of the truth, as in politics between the eternal conditions of society and the forms of government. Christianity, to triumph, must become itself again; must reascend to its original, and plunge again into the inexhaustible fountain head, the word of Christ, from which our systems trickle, and which even apostolic teaching did not exhaust.

But I must stop. However contracted the limits of this letter, you can judge concerning the aspect under which Christian faith presents itself when stripped of notions purely traditional. The whole question is, to know whether I have, or have not deceived myself. Does history suffice for the religious life? Can the gospel faiths, if left to themselves, hold themselves up, or do they need the artificial support of Theopneusty? It is clear that if we change our ground we abandon our part of our baggage: but is this a loss or is it a gain? Ought the Church to be endangered and Evangelization to suffer by our fixing ourselves in the truth of things and in the reality of facts? As for myself, I cannot believe it, and I shall not cease to address to you and to repeat to myself a word which ought to be our word of command to all. We believe in Jesus Christ, let us believe also in the truth!

The following interesting reminiscence of Governor Jay, with which we have been favored by a correspondent, is calculated to add to the fame which already hallows that distinguished man, and presents an example which few are too poor in worldly goods to imitate, and none too rich in good deeds to be indifferent to the honor which a wise observer of such an example would confer. [Living Age.

REMINISCENCE OF GOVERNOR JOHN JAY.

The memory of the just,
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

These lines came forcibly to my mind not long since, when enjoying the company of some friends who had, unexpectedly, joined our family circle, after many years of absence. The conversation turned to scenes of former days, and many pleasant reminiscences returned with freshness to our memories.

Among other interesting incidents, one of the company related the following: "My mother was left a poor widow, with a large family, and although not wanting in industry and frugality, it was with difficulty that she could supply their necessities. We resided in Westchester county, a few miles from the residence of Governor Jay. One day, to her surprise, she received a note from Wm. Jay, (now Judge Jay,) the son of the governor, requesting her to call on him as soon as convenient, as he had some pleasant information for her. The curiosity of the family was great; 'What can he want of mother?' was the earnest inquiry. The next difficulty was how to get a conveyance, as it was too far to walk. A kind female neighbor offered her one, which was of the most humble character, and also to accompany her. By urging and whipping the sorry animal, they at last arrived at Mr. Jay's gate. Unwilling to let him see their old horse and wagon, they tied the old nag at a respectful distance from the mansion, and went in. Addressing mother, Mr. Jay said: 'My father, before he died, requested to be buried in the plainest manner;' "and by so doing," said he, "there will be a saving of about two hundred dollars, which I wish you to give to some poor widow, whom you and your sister shall consider the most worthy, and I want you to get the silver money, and count it out before me now." And,' continued Mr. Jay, 'Mrs. B., my sister and I have selected you, and here is the money,' presenting a bag containing two hundred dollars, all in half-dollar pieces. The poor woman was completely overcome with surprise and gratitude, she burst into tears, and strove to express her thanks, but her words could find no utterance; she could only weep. After a short time, the two females arose to leave the house, Mr. Jay accompanying them. When they had reached the piazza, what should they see, to their mortification, but the veritable old horse and wagon paraded before the door, awaiting them, which Mr. Jay had caused to be brought in from the outer gate. He having helped them in, and laid the bag of money at Mrs. B.'s feet, her associate directed the horse to go on, but he was not disposed to obey. She at last most reluctantly had to draw from the bottom of the wagon, where she had laid it, the hickory gad, and having laid it upon his back with some force, he was induced to start, and they slowly left the grounds of Mr. Jay.

"They were happy hearts when she arrived at home, and had told her eager listeners of her unexpected fortune. It enabled her to pay off some debts, and to render her and her family comfortable for a long time.

"Some time has elapsed since this excellent woman departed to a better world; but long will that family cherish the memory of him who 'caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

THE CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC.

A little girl was sitting beside a cottage door,
And with the Bible on her knee, she conned its pages o'er,
When by there passed a traveller, that sultry summer day,
And begged some water and a seat, to cheer him on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest a while," the little maiden cried,
"To house a weary traveller is mother's joy and pride."
And while he drank the welcome draught and chatted merrily,
She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on her knee.

At length refreshed, the traveller—a sceptic he—uprose:
"What! reading still the Bible, child?—your lesson, I suppose?"
"No lesson, sir," the girl replied; "I have no task to learn;
But often to these stories here with joy and love I turn."

"And wherefore do you love that book, my little maid, I pray,
And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong summer day?"
"Why love the Bible, did you ask?—how angry, sir, you look!
I thought that every body loved this holy, precious book"

The sceptic smiled, made no reply, and pondering travelled on,
But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon:—
"I thought all loved the holy book," it was a strange reply;
"Why do not I, then, love it too?" he whispered with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, prayed; he looked within, above:
He read, acknowledged *it*, the truth, and worshipped *Him*, the Love,
A nobler life, from that same hour, the sceptic proud began,
And lived and labored many a year, a Bible-loving man.

[London Christian Times.

MY CHILDREN STILL. A young preacher recently called upon an eminent divine, and in the course of conversation, asked him how many children he had. "Four, sir," was the reply. At the supper table, the visitor perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. Turning to the divine, he said, "I thought you had four children, sir; where are the other two?" Lifting his eyes, the holy man of God pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance. "They are in heaven," he repeated slowly and calmly, "yet my children still; not dead, but gone before."

LESSONS TO STUDENTS. What you do know, know thoroughly. There are few instances in modern times of a rise equal to Sir Edward Sugden. After one of the Weymouth elections, I was shut up with him in a carriage for twenty-four hours. I ventured to ask him what was the secret of his success. His answer was, 'I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make every thing I acquired perfectly my own, and never go to a second thing till I'd entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection." [Mem. Sir T. F. Buxton.

INDUSTRY. Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good among men, yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young men and young women Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

CHRISTIANITY RESPONSIBLE.

We have already said in our last paper that it is not responsible for the sin that has entered and continues in the world, as the scoffing infidel would have it, nor for the existence of sects and the controversies that have raged among them, as the unbeliever would have it, and as an excuse for sin. we now add, that Christianity is not responsible for the darkness that covers so large a part of the world, because it has never been given to the world. Judaism, in scattered fragments, had had a foot-hold in many places, ever since the Apostles; the Koran and the Crescent have spread their poisonous influences over a large part of Asia from the times of the Arabian prophet: Paganism has framed its false gods, and consecrated to them temples of worship in the fairest and best portions of the earth, where three-fourths of our race to-day pay their devotions; yet for all these religions which exist to decoy and destroy men's souls, Christianity is in no way responsible. Nor for the Papal throne and the man of sin that sits upon it, and sways his sceptre of death over such vast multitudes in Europe and this land, by whose influence, age after age, has been the very blackness of darkness, is Christianity responsible. It is distinct from all these systems of religion, has no fellowship with them, and has done nothing to help them into existence. On the contrary, Christianity opposes them all, forbids them a dwelling place on earth, and commands them to hold it, to sweep them all away, leaving neither root nor branch.

Besides; Christianity was designed for the world as its only religion, and its commission is to give it to the world. Like leaven it is to operate on the whole mass, like salt it is to save from putrefaction our entire race of man, like the sun, hung up in midheaven, it is to fling its rays on every shore. Its chain of love is to be the circumference of the globe; its voice of atoning blood that sounded out from Calvary, is to reach the ends of the earth; its system of redemption, that fell from a Saviour's lips, is to be preached to every creature; its sacred oracles, which were given to one nation and in one language, are to speak to all nations and in all languages in trumpet tones, declaring the will of the only living and true God; and its Spirit that revealed and attested the truth by miraculous powers, is to be in and abide with the world, opening the blind eye, unstopping the deaf ear, melting the hard heart, and bringing back the numerous tribes of Adam as loyal subjects to their rightful sovereign. Such a Christianity, if the world has not had it 6enturies ago, bears of itself no part of the responsibility. This rests on those who have its influence in their hearts, who holds its commission in their hands, and who never open the seals to understand and obey its orders. The blood of slain millions will be required of the followers of Christ, because they did not take the field in person, fight the battles of the Lord with his enemies, and achieve the victory of the world for Him who struck the decisive blow and laid them all prostrate.

If the kingdoms of the world are not *now* the empire of Christ, if the millenial glory of the church is not *now* experienced in all its fulness, if the family of God in heaven and on earth are not *now* one, as they yet shall be, the fault lies at the door of Christians and not Christianity.

This is so diffusive, so efficacious to save, so earnest to go forth and do its work everywhere, and has such claims on the church to send it, that it is free from all reproach, if not another soul ever listens to its holy messages. Then what a weight of responsibility rests on the church, how zealous must she be to discharge it at once, in obeying its summons, or how soon must she sink under it! Never was the duty of the church so clear and urgent as at this very day. The very earth is ripe unto the harvest, and it is only for her to thrust in the sickle and reap. She has the power to do it, and soon will the harvest of the world pass by for the present, unless the field is now entered.

Christianity is not responsible for apostasies and imperfections in professed Christians. Its doctrines are perfect, its precepts are perfect, and its examples for imitation, derived from HIM WHO was without blemish, are also perfect. No wrong whatever is sanctioned in the bible. God's book condemns idolatry, denounces the sword, forbids oppression, and frowns on every act of social intercourse which is not aimed at the good of other men. If any want to commit sin of any kind they will search the scriptures in vain for sanction. The only standard there is holiness, and all, without exception, are approved or disapproved just as they walk by it. Under circumstances like these, will any man dare to take refuge in the book which the finger of God has written, and plead this as his authority for the perpetration of evil? The very attempt would betray depravity of the deepest and darkest kind, and would be deemed by all good men as the worst of blasphemy of which he could be guilty. Yet sin exists in the church and the ministers that serve at the alter. Where is the difficulty, where is the fault? We fearlessly say, that this is not *from* Christianity, but for *the want* of it, and in all possible cases. Christianity, planted in the heart, blazing on the tongue, and shining out in the life, would banish all wrong from this fallen world, and turn earth into heaven. It would bind together in one happy family, our guilty, miserable race; fasten to the throne of God as the father of all; and elevate to sweeten communion with the enraptured spirits of glory. The great law of love to God and love to man, in full exercise, would thoroughly rectify the disorders of our present state, and restore earth to the place in the system of the universe, where it was when all was pronounced very good. Whence, then, in the church and from the church, arise unkind words, and injurious actions, amid the various associations of life? If the heart loves impure objects, is it not from the lusts of the flesh; if the tongue is an unruly member, is it not moved by the course of nature; if sin is perpetrated at all, is it not a transgression of the law; if temptation makes its strong appeals, does it not come from the father of lies? The evils of which many complain, are never traceable to Christianity. Let this be in the church, live, move and have a being there; let it be the atmosphere inhaled, and the food that is taken into the system; let its pervading and prevailing influence take possession of it, and sin is no more possible there than in heaven and while before the very throne of God. With the spirit of the bible in the heart, and the letter of the bible in the hand, and the author of the bible in the path of life to guide, and there is, there can be no spot on the character, nor peril in the way. [Christian Chronicle.

THE GRAVE OF LOCKE.

A DAY AT HIGH LAVER AND OATES.

It had long been our earnest desire to visit the grave of Locke, and to see the spot hallowed by the traditions of so pure a life and so serene and holy a death. Having just offered our devotion at the shrine of Shakespeare, we were the more sensible how inexpressibly powerful and moving is the actual presence of the very objects that were present to such a man. Having felt how the great spirit which haunts every nook and corner of its earthly dwelling-place speaks to the reverntial and loving soul a language not to be uttered or written, we were the more determined to end our long wandering with a pious pilgrimage to the humble village where Locke lies buried. Accordingly, quitting our direct line home, we stopped at the Harlow station, six miles from High Laver; and having heard that some sort of lodging might be found within a mile or so of the village, we determined to run all risks, and drove straight to the church.

Philosophy, though the benign friend of "the million," is not their familiar—and we were nowise surprised to find that neither the people of whom we inquired at Harlow, our driver, or even a villager of High Laver, knew that there was anything there to excite curiosity or interest. It is true that an old countryman, with whom we afterwards talked, said several gentlefolks had been to see that grave. But I suspected at the time that he said this to encourage and console us for having come out of our way to see what gentlefolks did not usually think worth looking at. Alighting at the church, we hastened up to it—and in a moment we had before us what we came to seek. Against the south wall of the church is a square raised tomb, covered with a slab, on which is inscribed—

JOHN LOCKE,
OB. A. D. 1704.

Above this tomb is a marble tablet, bearing the Latin inscription written by Locke himself.

At first sight, it may appear inconsistent with the perfect simplicity and modesty of the man to have written his own epitaph. But, on reflection, we see that these very qualities might determine him to be his own chronicler. He could not but be conscious of his great celebrity, of the warm attachment of his friends, and of the veneration with which he was regarded by lovers of truth and of liberty of thought throughout Europe. It was an age of panegyric, and he might reasonably fear that his eminent qualities might be set out on his tomb in language repugnant to his simple and severe taste. It was probably to avoid this that he undertook to say what manner of man he was. He claims for himself simplicity of tastes and habits, and love of truth—for the rest, he refers mankind to his writings.

The clerk—who is also the sexton—being at work in the fields, there was no one within call who could open the church for us; but, as we intended to pay a longer visit to it on the following day, (Sunday,) we contented ourselves with looking at the tombs of the Masham family, lying in the churchyard at the east end of the church. We found the following:—

1. The first Lord Masham, Baron of Oates.
2. Abigail, his wife, the celebrated favorite Queen Anne.
3. General Hill, her brother; whose rapid and unmerited promotion was the subject of so much animadversion.
4. Mistress Alice Hill, his sister.
5. The second Lord Masham; and

6 and 7. His two wives, Henrietta and Charlotte. There is no inscription on any of these tombs, except the names and dates. Here, then, were the descendants (not lineal, for they had no children) of the noble and excellent friends of Locke—but where were they? We saw no

race of them. Contented to have found the main object of our visit, and hoping for further information on the morrow, we went home to our humble night's quarters.

On Sunday morning, hearing that there was a path across the fields—one of the rural privileges of England—we took a country lad as guide, and set forth. All was fresh, bright, and peaceful. The path wound, gently ascending, through pastures in which lay ruminating cattle —and in a short time the small stunted spire of High Laver was visible through the trees. The way now lay past the Rectory—one of the loveliest of that beautiful class of dwellings, *a country parsonage*. A neat and venerable house—a pretty sloping lawn, adorned with shrubs, flowers, and a few magnificent trees—a small piece of bright clear water fed by a brook—composed one of those pictures peculiar to England, and the full beauty and significance of which we must have lived out of England to appreciate.

It was our unexpected good fortune to meet with the master of this exquisite manse, and to receive from him not only the greatest kindness and courtesy, but much interesting information —rendered doubly interesting by the affectionate reverence with which he evidently regarded the sacred deposit of which he is the guardian. He has not only watched over it with pious care, but has done such small repairs as was necessary. Some time ago, it appeared that the wet was insinuating itself between the wall and the tomb, so as to endanger the safety of the latter. On this occasion an appeal was made to Christ Church College, Oxford. That step-mother of her greatest son so far repented of her injustice as to pay for a slab of stone to secure his grave from destruction.

We were told that an idea was once entertained of transporting this tomb to Westminster Abby. Fortunately Locke's reputation was not of a kind to offer much inducement to the commission of so tasteless a desecration. A collection of tombs may, like a gallery of pictures, have great historical interest. The tombs of a royal line—of a succession of men exercising the same functions, or occupying the same place—are rightly placed together. But wherever the individuality of the man, and not his office or position, is what interests us, his grave ought to be, like his fame, apart from all others. What would the tomb of Shakespeare be if removed into Westminster Abby—or into any Pantheon or Walhalla of all that is greatest in the world! At Stratford everything is identified with him. The very stones we tread on may have been trodden by him. We go from the small room (awful and radient with his presence) where he first saw the light, to the church where he worshipped, and where he now rests —and his great spirit accompanies us and fills us with a loving awe. We see houses that he must have looked on—follow the path along which he walked to visit Anne Hathaway—live over his life: and though we cannot fathom the mystery of his genius, that which was to us but a name and a spirit becomes present to our senses and our affections. "The masses" will always like mass. Number and quantity are to the vulgar essential to greatness; and there are many motives of convenience for collecting together objects of a class. But let us rejoice when we are so happy as to seize some one impression—to be able to give ourselves up undistracted to one idea—to see or hear one consummate work of Art—to receive the influences of one great mind.

After looking at the register of Locke's baptism, copied from the church books of Wrington, in Somersetshire, and the register of his interment in those of High Laver, we proceed to view the interior of the church.

Close beside the rector's pew rests Sir Francis Masham. He lies beneath so obscure a stone that we should hardly have discovered it if it had not been pointed out to us. It bears no inscription but the name and date of his death—1722. Strange to say, there is no trace of Lady Masham—the daughter of Cudworth and the friend of Locke. Where do her honored remains rest? She survived her husband; and as they had no children and the estate went to collaterals, she probably quitted Oates, and lies buried wherever she ended her days. The missing her produces a painful and melancholy impression. So difficult is it for us creatures of earth and sense to be spiritual even for a moment that I felt as if her husband and her illustrious friend must suffer in their graves from the void created by her absence.

In default of her, however, we have her mother. Lady Masham was, it appears, doubly happy in her birth. If she derived her intellectual superiority from her father, she was indebted to her mother for her Christian and womanly graces and virtues. On a tablet against the north wall, just above the grave of Sir Francis, is the following inscription. It has always been attributed to Locke, and its beautiful simplicity seems to attest the truth of the tradition;—

Dama is Cudworth,
Relict of Ralph Cudworth, Doctor of Divinitie and Master of King's College, Cambridge.
Exemplary for her piete and virtue, for her studie of the Scriptures, charitie to the poor, and good will to all.
An excellent wife, mother, mistresse, and friende, lies buried in the middle between this and the opposite wall.
She was born the 23rd Oct. 1623; and after a life made easie to herself and others by the unalterable evenesse of her temper, she died as one that goes to sleepe, without disease or paine, the 14th of Nov 1695, in full hope and expectation of a happy resurrection.

—Her husband, if I recollect rightly, is buried in the aute-chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

On the opposite side of the church, near the altar, is another tablet, bearing an epitaph hardly less affecting;—

Near this place lies the body of the Reverend Samuel Lowe, who, after he had faithfully discharged his ministerial office forty-five years in this parish, departed this life Dec. 7 1749, aged 79.
He was to himself frugal, to his friends bountiful; exactly just, strictly pious, and extremely charitable. Poor widows and children he was a father to living, and having no issue, made them his heirs on his death; leaving to the Society for Clergymen's Sons in money 80*l.*; and in land 20*l.* per annum, besides other great legacies to charitable uses, and is gone to receive his reward.
Also Anne, his beloved wife, daughter of Wm. Andrew, of the Golden Grange in Bedfordshire, gentleman, who dyed May 23, 1693.

If anything were wanting to complete so rare a combination of wisdom and goodness, piety and peace, as met together at High Laver, we find it in this record of the venerable pastor of the lowly flock with whom the philosopher and his friends were wont to worship.

Yet one feature more—characteristic of those times when reverence was given in exchange for kindness, and obedience for protection and guidance. There is, besides the principal entrance a small door on the south side of the church, close to which is a grass grave lying immediately under and parallel with the wall. Here, according to the traditions of the village, lies a faithful servant of the Masham family, now remembered only as "Luke." At this door he used to take his stand as soon as service was ended, holding it open for his master and lady to pass through. When he died, they buried him at his post. A few steps separates the tomb of the world-renowned philosopher and the turf that covers the faithful Luke. It is almost profane to disturb the serenity of such a scene by any allusion to the loud dissonances of our times; but I could not help comparing the angry vociferations for an unattainable social equality with that far more important moral equality which is the natural and spontaneous fruit of the fulfillment of duty. How harmonious is the combination of these various forms and shades of virtue, these various applications of the great rules of justice and charity, obedience and forbearance! How formless and chaotic all that has been proposed as a substitute for these beautiful adaptations to the wants and conditions of our being! The reverence for a life passed in the faithful discharge of duty, the sanctity of the place, and the majesty of death, though they did not level, did far better—they harmonized distinctions; and the eye which had rested with profound veneration on the tomb of a mighty champion and torch-bearer of truth, turned with affectionate respect to the lowly grave of the loyal serving-man. With thoughts and feelings thus attuned to the place and the time, we took our seats in the ancient and simple church where all these persons had so often met to worship. Around us were the records of the virtuous dead. Nearly opposite was the pew of the Masham family—unaltered, as we were assured. Here, then, by the side of his noble friends might be seen that pale and refined face, equally marked by thought and by suffering, yet always serene and elevated, which Roubiliac has handed down to us. Happily for us, and still more for the village, the church is materially, as well as morally, unchanged. The building has little architectural beauty, but it has a simple and primitive air which is becoming rare even in county churches.

We stood, then, on the spot where the serene, though not painless, evening of that spotless life was brought to a close. Here, having steadily refused the importunities of Lord Somers to accept a seat at the Board of trade, and even resisted the desire of the king (who esteemed him as he deserved) that he would receive the salary though unable to do the work, Locke determined to pass the small remnant of his days consoled by friendship and religion. "It would," says he, "be madness to put myself out of the reach of my friends during the small time I am to linger in this world, only to die a little more rich or a little more advanced."

It is much to be regretted that the origin and course of the noble friendship of these eminent persons is not better known to us. Locke's biographers do not tell us how he became acquainted with Sir Francis and Lady Masham. We may, however, conjecture, that he knew the latter as the daughter of Cudworth. He says of himself, "My temper, always shy of a crowd of strangers, has made my acquaintances few, and my conversation too narrow and particular to get the skill of dealing with men in their various humors. Whether this was a fault or not in a man that designs no bustle in the world, I know not." The friendships which he had, therefore, must have rested on similarity of tastes and feelings, and on perfect confidence. The character of Locke annexed by LeClerc to his own eulogium, is, he says, "from the pen of one who knew him well." He adds, "She says, and I can confirm her testimony by what I have myself seen," &c. The author of this beautiful and discriminating account of his qualities and virtues was, then, a woman, and must surely have been Lady Masham. Who else knew him as she did?—and how few are the women living at any particular time who can write with the clearness and precision, the total absence of affectation, sentimentality and exaggeration, which characterize this admirable portrait!

As early as the first of June, 1704, Locke wrote that most affecting letter to his "Cousin King" in which he entreats him to spend all the next week with him, adding, "as far as I can impartially guess, it will be the last week I am ever like to have with you. * * * Refuse not, therefore, to help me to pass some of the last hours of my life as easily as may be in the conversation of one who is not only the nearest but the dearest to me of any man in this world."—Yet "the dissolution of this cottage," which he thought so near at hand, was delayed for nearly four months—four months of incessant suffering, unaltered cheerfulness, and pious resignation.—It was during these painful months that Locke wrote his commentary on St. Paul's Epistles.—The reader is probably familiar with that last scene, which united the serenity of the antique sage with the pious resignation of the Christain Saint. "After passing without sleep the night which he had not expected to survive, he was taken out of bed and carried into his study, where he slept for some hours in his chair. On waking he *desired to be dressed;* and then heard Lady Masham read the Psalms apparently with great attention, until, perceiving his end to draw near, *he stopped her*, and expired a very few minutes afterwards."

The noble woman who administered to him his last consolation was, like himself, calm and self-possessed. When he desired her not to sit up with him that last night, "for that he might perhaps sleep, and he would have her called if needful," she did not, as we find, oppose his wishes, or obtrude her grief upon him. She felt that "he called her from weak longings and womanly lamentations to the contemplation of his virtues." She commanded her voice to read or to be silent—to comfort, not to trouble, the passing spirit. [Athenæum.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, December 7, 1850.

WANT OF MINISTERS.

Parishes in the country complain that there is great difficulty in finding suitable ministers. They are mistaken however in supposing that the difficulty is confined to them. It exists equally in city and in country.

We think the evil originates in part in mistaken views respecting the office of a minister. The first thing and the last thing now demanded by a parish is that he shall be an eloquent speaker. It seems to be thought that if he have the power to stir and move a congregation on Sunday, it matters little what he is, or what he does at any other time. It is a mistake which is subverting the pulpit, and destroying the usefulness of the ministerial office. That it is a mistake is obvious from one fact. The number of eloquent and really effective preachers must always be small. Popular eloquence does not require the highest order of talent, but it does require a combination of various gifts rarely found together. In the profession of law, tempting as are the prizes which it offers for eloquence, how many are interesting or effective public speakers? A large proportion are never heard of as advocates; and yet this does not prevent their holding the highest rank as lawyers How many politicians are effective public speakers, except when they treat some subject about which the minds of their hearers are already deeply excited? We have listened for weeks to the debates in Congress. Collected within its walls were men of mark and note; a large part of them selected from their supposed ability to address popular assemblies, men anxious to make, and fearful of losing reputation. Our own impression has invariably been that the larger part of these men if they had been transferred to the pulpit, and had spoken on religious subjects neither better nor worse than they did on political ones, would be thought to be rather common-place and indifferent preachers. Of course there are remarkable exceptions, but even in Congress the amount of what in the pulpit would be called eloquence, is quite limited. This is not the fault of political orators, nor does it incapacitate them for usefulness, but it shows that eloquence is a very rare thing. Among the thousands in this commonwealth engaged in the different professions and in politics, there are probably not fifty, all told, who could be regarded as possessing popular eloquence.

How absurd then, to expect it of every minister! How false must be the view taken of the ministry, when it is assumed that this rhetorical talent is essential to its usefulness!

What do men attend church for? Judging from the stress laid on the sermon, great numbers must attend to be simply amused and excited, with scarcely any more definite religious object than that which takes them to a concert or a Lyceum lecture. Instead of going with their neighbors in company to the house of God for the united worship of their common Father, they go to hear some John Smith or other make a stirring harangue. It does not answer their purpose that he should talk wisely and seriously of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. They want to be stirred and roused and, under sacred names, to have the excitements which belong to the theatre. It is utterly destructive of the true purposes of the pulpit. It makes the worship of God an accidental or incidental thing. It turns the minister into a declaimer, and finally tempts him to give his life, as its chief work, to the acquisition of those qualities which attract and excite a crowd.

Were we to select a minister on whose services our children were to attend, one of the last things which we should ask for would be his popular gifts as a speaker. The questions which we should ask would be,—Is he a religious and devout man; and has he had those religious experiences which qualify him to sympathize with and guide the religious feelings and purposes of others? Has he that religious faith, whatever its special form, which makes him believe and feel earnestly that a religious character is the supreme good and great end of this human life? Does he possess that liberal, just and self-controlled character, that excusing and forbearing temper, that generous consideration of others, which will make him a centre of peaceful and reconciling influences? Is his professional education such as to qualify him to give religious *instruction*? Does he possess that large round-about good sense, which will make him a judicious actor, and a wise counsellor? And does he possess that love of usefulness which will impel him to see and use whatever opportunities occur of promoting the welfare of the community in which he lives? Is he one whose general character, as an upright, humane, magnanimous, believing, and devout man, we would be glad to have our children resemble? If there is such a man, let him be our minister. It matters little whether he deliver a more or less showy sermon on Sunday, for his final influence will depend mainly on these substantial qualities of character. Whether he possess eloquence or not, such is the man we should like for our minister, for a personal friend, for a counsellor in difficulty, and as one under whose general influence our children might grow up.

The qualities which are demanded, will generally be cultivated. If we demand only rhetoric, that will be cultivated, and other things be neglected. One great vice of our age is its tendency to run to words. We rely on their power far more than reason warrants. But notwithstanding this, that parish will be found to have consulted its true interests best, which has looked out first for a judicious, benevolent, peace-loving and religious man, who is heartily interested in promoting those general habits, customs and institutions on which the welfare of a town depends. If in addition to this, he is an eloquent speaker, it is a good thing to be thankful for and may add to his influence for good. But the first thing to be thought of, is his character as a man.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

The death of the young is often spoken of, as if it were a thwarting of the intention of nature —a failure—a blight falling on the spring—a lighting of the lamp, only to be quenched in everlasting night. It would be so, were there no future life; but to the Christian's eye, there is no more hopeful scene than the death of the good in their early years. To be called away before the conscience is perverted, while the affections are fresh, and the faith childlike, and the first innocence of the heart still remains,—to be transferred like an opening flower, from our frozen climate to a more genial sky,—surely if there be sadness and sorrow here, it is a sorrow which, like the summer cloud, has hanging in its retreating folds, the rainbow. Death hallows all real bonds. It makes all true affections immortal. A pure and good child is smitten by death, but while it withers under the touch here on the earth, it is only that it may become an angel in heaven.

MYSTERY.

If the former fashion of theology was, to lay extravagant demands on the credulity of the disciple, the more recent re-action from that error has reached perhaps the opposite extreme. The luxury enjoyed by the old Calvinists in the curtailment of the province of inquiry and in the disparagement of the human reason had its day. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that the believers in that stern system who were very much inclined constitutionally to metaphysical speculations, got their satisfaction in one way or another. If they abridged religious investigation in one direction, they indulged it with a free rein in another. If they were forbidden to reason on the negative of a doctrine of the creed, they felt full liberty to exercise the sharpest dialectical skill, and to ply the most ingenious and acute ratiocination to the affirmative. If they were held to a reverential silence on the Five Points, they could at least treat themselves to an occasional excursion into the region of the school men. If any heretical mind, prying too curiously into the inconsistencies of the accepted dogmas of a vicarious atonement, or a tri-personal Deity, was cut off from its pursuits by the text. "Great is the mystery of godliness," it might compensate itself by an elaborate disquisition on Necessity or Free Will. Still, it cannot be doubted, that in the special realm of religious faith, and to their own consciousness at least, the deductions and analyses of the critical understanding were held in a somewhat stricter subordination than is the case at present among us. Wherever these came into even an apparent conflict with the authority of the letter, they were compelled to a more prompt and unconditional submission.

The tendency, now, in our own branch of the Christian Church, as we think, is towards a too determined rejection of all mystery in religion, and merely because it is mystery. On close examination, this will be found to be one of the most wide-spread and dangerous mischiefs in our theological position indicated by the times. Some men among us are almost frightened out of their propriety, by the very word, mystery. They would regard the admission of that term, in its plain dictionary sense, in religious discourse as a suspicious sign of a secret leaning towards Orthodox opinions, and rank treachery to Unitarianism. They will admit nothing into the circle of their confidence, which is not open to what they call the day light of common sense; they will believe nothing to be true, unless they can show, or be shown, how, why, for what reasons, it is true. They must labor hard to make out some sort of exegetical explanation of the term *mystery*, where it occurs in the New Testament, telling us it does not mean something quite above our comprehension, but only "something once concealed but now made known." Of consequence, their faith, if they have any, is narrow, jejune, barren. In rejecting all that is not reducible to intellectual formularies, they reject a large part of the blessedness and godliness that the Gospel offers to our acceptance. It is a course that we hold to be among the aridities of Socinianism, the timidities of scepticism, and the stubborn self-reliances of an unregenerate pride. No system of religion can ever satisfy the wants of the soul, elevate its exercises above the formal routine of works of the moral law, or assert its harmony with the Evangelical message of revelation, which does not bend our "evil heart of unbelief," to the glad and willing recognition of religious mysteries,—things not only uncomprehended but incomprehensible,—things that we are not the less to rejoice in and be thankful for because they cannot be laid fully open to our cognizance, exhausted by our analysis, contained within our definitions,—but must lie forever in a region as inaccessible to the understanding as it is dear to faith.

For our part we are ready to confess that we incline to the opinion that some part of the misunderstandings between us and other Christians might be removed if we would abandon ground that is really untenable on this subject, and leave certain great Evangelical doctrines to be enveloped with a certain actual mystery, which is in fact as necessary to their spiritual influence as it is historically incidental to their exhibition through the Scriptures. Take the doctrine of the agency of Christ's death in the procuring of salvation for the sinner's soul. He must be a bold and presuming man, it seems to us, who will declare that there is nothing in all that doctrine, or any of its bearings, which is not fathomable by the human reason; who will take into his hands those three mighty and awful elements involved in the proposition that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world, viz., the counsels of Almighty God, the representations in the language of the New Testament, and the actual effect of Christ's coming on the sins of the human race,—and with these before him, ambitiously pretend that he can intellectually define, logically state and thoroughly explain all that lies behind those words, *redemption by Christ*. Now if Calvinists would drop their dogmatism of the creed, which is as bad an abuse of the reason as rationalism itself,—and Unitarians would drop their dogmatism of the individual intellect, on this subject, who knows but within the wide limits which the mystery of the subject seems naturally to allow, two sections might be brought nearer together!

So of the mode of the Divine existence, and the relation of the Son to the Father. Looking at the history of the Trinitarian Controversy, at the able minds that have been arrayed against each other in endless disputation on all the many points that have been broached from Athanasius to Dr. Bushnell, would it not appear almost certain from historical reasons alone that there is more in this high theme than can be quite compassed by any mortal understanding! Much more does this appear, when we ponder a little the nature of the Infinite One himself, or the lofty words wherewith Jesus awes our ignorance when he speaks of himself and the Father. May we not as well dismiss our vanity, and accept the mystery! Would all parties abate something of their positive reliance on the understanding, and come into a more child-like temper of submission, the alienations of Christendom would be faster out-grown, and division would give place to concord.

For the sake of a meek and accepted piety, therefore, as well as for the healing of Christ's distracted body, would we plead for a less proud opinionativeness and a larger faith in the mysterious things of the Spirit. We may be sure that if the Gospel of Christ is a special and divine interposition for the recovery of man from a sinful estate, there is mystery in its origin, mystery in its communication, mystery in its embodiment in Christ, mystery in the method and power of its influence over the world.

SUBMISSION.

We are too apt to think of submission as an occasional virtue, to be called into exercise under the pressure of severe affliction, rather than as a constant habit of feeling appropriate to all seasons and events. But it can be at hand in our times of need and grief, only when we have welcomed and cherished it in connection with the common lot, with the petty trials and crosses of daily life. Therefore has it an appropriate place in the Lord's prayer,—"Thy will be done,"—a petition which implies glad acquiescence in the divine government, joy that God reigns, and self-surrender, not only to his guidance in duty, but to his providential discipline. This Christian grace assumes a different aspect under every phasis of outward circumstances. In prosperity, it is contentment without covetousness, gratitude without inordinate desire. In active life, it is self-commitment to God in the assigned path of duty, and unwavering trust in the beneficent working of the divine law, though results may not immediately appear. In doubt and apprehension, it is a calm and fearless waiting for what the future may bring forth, with the assurance that whatever God shall send must be for our good. In sorrow, it is a willing self-abandonment to a wisdom that cannot err,—to a love which can wound only with a merciful design and purpose.

Probably the hardest duty to which we are called under this head is that of submission to the inevitable consequences of our own negligence, folly and sin. As regards health, outward position and worldly prosperity, many bear heavy burdens, which they have laid upon their own shoulders, and which they are prone to carry with perpetual regret and repining. Yet these burdens, no less than those which we call Providential, are of divine appointment. The depraved will was ours,—the law of retribution under which we suffer for it God's. Nor is there any more directly and manifestly benign allotment under his reign, than that by which he pays the wages of sin. The suffering which it entails makes its bitterness and heniousness felt. It often cuts short the series of guilty purposes, and awakens a repentance not to be repented of. The sin, which might not be recognised by the conscience, is beheld, hated and loathed in the wretchedness which it inflicts. Where the consequences of guilt hang about the penitent for life, they only render him the more watchful and diligent in guarding against every form of moral evil, and the more solicitous to cultivate that purity of heart and character which alone can ensure him an unburdened entrance on a higher sphere of being. God thus judges and punishes his children in time, that they may be saved with an everlasting salvation. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," and most of all those which are inflicted with healing severity by that Divine Friend, who, in his most appalling retributions, wills not the death of the sinner, but his contrition, conversion, and establishment in goodness.

ORDINATION AT NEWBURYPORT.

[We have received from a correspondent a notice of the Ordination at Newburyport. Having already given an account of it, we omit our friend's remarks on the services, but publish what he says respecting another topic.]

Indeed all the services were such as to impress every mind that, although according to the doctrine of the sermon, religion was chiefly great in its simplicity, the entrance upon its ministry was a great and a solemn thing.

If there was anything to damp my individual pleasure on the occasion, it was the cold position in which I was obliged to place myself as a mere looker on, when I thought I had been invited as a sympathising helper in the beautiful duties of the day. A "letter missive" was sent, as it was supposed, to the church of which I have the happiness to be a member. It was read to the church, and its peculiarity of form not being noticed, it was cordially responded to, by a note of acceptance of the supposed invitation, and a delegate was appointed. Upon arriving at the place of meeting it was first discovered, that the churches had not been invited, but only the clergymen. The mention of "a delegate," the sound of which had misled us, was meaningless. Now although the utmost politeness and the kindest courtesy was shown to the person who was induced to attend in this supposed capacity, it cannot be wondered at, that an awkward and rather humiliating sense of being in a "false position," rather damped the pleasures of the day.

I am sure I do not mention this circumstance in any spirit of faultfinding; but solely to call attention to the question if there is not going on among us a series of changes, of which this is one, which are operating to chill the right and holy sympathies which ought to exist between the churches with each other, and churches and their pastors?—Are there not inclinations of a disposition among "the profession" to stand more aloof from the people; to manage matters relating to the churches more exclusively among themselves? I think I have seen such indications, and it is not difficult to account for the rise of such feelings; but I think them fraught with mischief. If I am mistaken, no harm can arise from this hint. If I am right, let them who understand the matter, do their duty in regard to it better than it can be done by one who is not

A DELEGATE.

CASUAL EMOTIONS.

In order to a wise government of life there is scarcely anything of more consequence than a right use of casual good feelings and impulses. They are above the ordinary level of our moral life—the summit levels, whence streams descend to water the valley below. These seasons of more elevated feeling and of holier impulses connect us with a higher region of motive and action. To strike them away would be to reduce our moral life to a low, flat, monotonous level. Whoever begins on a better course, must of necessity start from some such higher impulse—from some such season of better feelings. If one never has these, he will lack even the thought of improvement. What shall one then do with them?

1. Remember the value of a good thought or feeling. It hallows the whole mind as long as it remains in it. It is like the presence of the Divinity in the Temple. Remember too, that if you wish for better habits or a better life, the beginning must be in some such season of quickened moral feeling. Without these impulses, your soul would be dead and your life hopelessly barren.

2 When you have them, obey them. You obey your selfish, worldly and unworthy impulses more than enough;—when in God's mercy, a generous, righteous, or holy impulse moves you, for your soul's sake, suffer it not to go, but cleave to it, obey it, and make it a part of your permanent life. We talk of economy in our worldly affairs;—we want far more, a wise economy and a right use of transient good thoughts and impulses.

FATHER HENSON.

Many of our readers are aware of the position which this fugitive from bondage held among the really great men of our Continent. The executive talent, which could collect, organize and control a colony of runaway slaves, and shape out of such hopeless materials a virtuous, intelligent and self-respecting community, can hardly be inferior to that, which fills with the highest credit the first places in our national administration. He has now sailed for England, to solicit for his brethren in Canada the sympathy and aid of the British public and government. He carries with him introductions and testimonials from the highest functionaries of the provincial government. But among the documents of which he is the bearer, the most interesting is from the Sheriff of the County where he resides, who testifies that, during fifteen years, and with a black population of from three to five thousand, not a single negro has come under legal custody or animadversion for any crime or misdemeanor whatever. We rejoice in this, as indicating the possibility that, under proper influences, emancipated negroes may become safe and exemplary citizens, and that there is nothing to be apprehended from their presence, except where suspicion and maltreatment create the very evils which they would avert.

THE POTATO ROT.

This mysterious disease seems to have had, in our own country at least, a wider and more destructive sweep during the present season, than in any previous year. Its immediate results are distressing and calamitous. The poor everywhere must suffer from the scarcity and enhanced price of what has hitherto been their cheapest article of subsistence. In Ireland especially, the failure of the most important crop for the peasantry must create fearful distress, until it has occurred frequently enough to revolutionize the agricultural and administrative policy of the island. Yet it cannot be doubted, that the fertility of its soil in this one commodity has been a prolific source of the degradation of its inhabitants. Idleness has thus been not encouraged, but enforced. The poorer tenantry have been enabled to subsist on the smallest amount of toil on the most scanty holdings. A few days' labor in planting, hoeing and harvesting has sufficed for the support of a family. The consequence has been, on the one hand, a reluctance for continuous and systematic industry, and, on the other, a policy on the part of landlords, which has furnished no regular employment for agricultural labor. If those who remain on the island must henceforth be fed on products to be raised with greater toil and cost, their mental and moral character must be elevated by the change, and land-owners will be constrained to bring their immense tracts of waste-land into cultivation, and to submit to more liberal terms of rent and wages.

It is a striking fact, that Cobbett, an eminently clear-headed man, more than a quarter of a century ago, predicted the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and announced it as an important means of the amelioration of the social and political condition of the Irish. This latter inference was no more than might have been expected of his sagacity. But how did he foreknow an event, which then seemed in the highest degree improbable, and of which there had been no discernible symptoms? He left no explanation; but we are inclined to believe that he reasoned from the general law,—*Vegetable reproduction without deterioration can take place only from the seed.* This is a law so well known and of such extensive operation, that, if the potato be an exception to it, it is the only one with which we are acquainted. It is believed that no variety of grafted fruit outlives in full vigor and excellence the possible lifetime of its parent tree, so that fruit-growers, in selecting their varieties, have reference, not only to their present character, but to their age. We have ourselves witnessed the degeneracy of raspberry and strawberry plants in the third or fourth generation of scions. Like tendencies are well known by florists to belong to various species of bulbous roots. In fine, with plants of all kinds which are usually propagated by cuttings, suckers, scions or roots, it is found necessary to reinforce the stock at frequent intervals by seedlings. Now this has been done in some measure with the potato, but in so small a degree compared with the magnitude and extent of the crop, as probably never to have restored the plant to its original healthfulness and vigor; for seedling potatoes must in the majority of instances have been obtained from plants already too degenerate to yield perfect seed. We propose this then, as entitled to a place among the theories with regard to the potato rot, that it is not an epidemic growing out of atmospheric influence, but the decline, the *running out* of the vegetable, in consequence of the mode in which it has been propagated. Many of the phenomena of the so-called disease go to confirm this view of its cause. For many years, (even before the decay of the root attracted attention,) the formation of seed has become less and less frequent, and we have often known large fields of potatoes ready for harvesting in which there was not a single potato-ball to be seen, nay, in which there had not been a blossom for the whole season. Now as the elaboration of the seed is the ultimate end, the crowning work of the plant,—that for which the largest drafts are made upon its vital energy,—its inadequacy for this function would necessarily be among the first symptoms of decline. Then again, microscopic examination of affected potato plants reveals a fungous vegetation extending through the cells of the stem of the root. Now the *fungi* do not attach themselves to plants in full vigor,—their presence is not a cause, but a symptom of decay,—they come in, with their less active and exacting form of vegetable life, to fill up the space in which more vigorous modes of vitality can no longer sustain themselves. The circumstances, under which the potato withstands the disease, also favor our theory. They are various, but may all be reduced to one law. One farmer tells us that on new and strong soil the potato crop is unaffected; another, that with certain kinds of dressing he has warded off the disease; another, that he has succeeded by some special medication or preparation of the potatoes planted; another, that he has found it useful to pinch off the tops of the young plants, thus throwing back upon the root the juices that might have nourished superfluous foliage. All these have been tentative processes, frequently, but not uniformly successful. But they are all modes, in which we can conceive that additional vigor might be supplied by artificial means to a plant fast becoming effete. And their frequent failure ought not to be surprising. If the potato rot were an epidemic there might be a specific remedy which, if discovered in one case, would be effectual in all. But there are no specifics against decay, only palliations, which will be effectual in individual instances and under favoring circumstances, but cannot be relied upon.

If there be plausibility in what we have said, it would be a most worthy enterprise to procure seed from the native potato of South America, and to propagate a new race from the savage stock. If this were done, similar degeneracy might never again occur; for cultivators warned by the sad experience of these years would recruit their stock from the seed too frequently to suffer either seed or root to lose its power of healthy reproduction.

We are here reminded of a case in another department of physics, in which we cannot but believe that an analogous remedy would be effectual. It is said that the *vaccine virus* is losing its power all over the civilized world. It can no longer be relied upon against the small pox, and it frequently communicates erysipelatous diseases even more to be dreaded than the small pox itself. May it not be that this *virus* has been so long transmitted from arm to arm, as to have lost its *vaccine* character, and to have taken into itself, in many instances where there is no reason to believe it impure, corrupt humours from the human system? And might it not be well to have resort anew to the cow? May not another Jenner, under her fresh auspices, lead the assault against a disease, which, unless thus checked, bids fair to become hardly less prevalent than in the middle of the last century, though less a scourge, because under more skilful and safer medical treatment? The hint is all that it becomes us to give. Our medical friends best know whether it deserves respectful heed.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Is it incredible that an individual should have arisen capable of inventing and composing a single book of Homer? Some part, more or less, was done at about the time supposed. If so, the most natural likely event conceivable, is, that such an individual should have written more, ten, twenty, fifty books—the Iliad and the Odyssey, both: much more likely, than that another person should arise, or that many should arise capable of writing any portion of it in the same spirit and style. The real difficulty would be, that *many* should write like Homer, not that *one* Homer should write the whole.

It is as in all instances of human genius, whether in literature or art; it is more supposable that he who does *something* admirable, should do more of the same kind, even indefinitely more, than that many should arise who should be able to do *any part*, of exactly the same kind as well. Who can easily write a single stanza, or book of Spencer? But who cannot easily conceive of Spencer having lived to complete his original design! of which, what he wrote was but a fifth part! So with regard to the plays of Shakspeare.

There can be no difficulty about the origin of the Homeric poems, except what arises from the question of the existence, or not, of the art of Alphabetic writing at the time, and of that there can be no doubt. If Moses wrote his laws, and the Egyptians theirs, Homer no doubt, in his day, could write quite a good hand.

The name "Liberal Christian, as the designation of a denomination of Christians, is certainly much more objectionable than Unitarian. Suppose a sect should designate itself Pious, Orthodox, Holy, Humble Evangelical Christians, who would not deem it justly offensive? Liberal, would be a term almost as presumptuous and offensive.

Unitarian is much the better name of the two —offensive to none—founded on intellectual, not moral distinctions like the others, and as truly descriptive as a name well can be. It is not founded on a mere negative idea: on the contrary, on a positive assertion of the Divine Unity. It asserts the grand truth of one God; and certainly all may come under that name who believe it, though they who adopt it may be free to receive along with it very many other doctrines both in metaphysics and theology. As to the name Unitarian comprising under it a greater and worse variety of creeds than any other, it is not easy to see how that can well be.

The term Liberal would sweep up, and does, into one mass, or *muss*, all who now constitute the advanced guard of reform of every shade and variety of opinion.

Where there are no apparent faults in a character—all smooth and glossy—one can hardly help suspecting hypocrisy. I like to observe some strong faults—not vices—in man or woman. They are safety-valves. Where no defect is seen, or guessed, we constantly apprehend an explosion.

A proud man thinks too well of himself to care what others think about him. The vain man thinks as well of himself as the other; but is miserable unless the world is of the same opinion. He is dependent upon others for his happiness. Pride is sufficient unto itself.

If a history could present you with a history of the human heart in the individual, the average heart of man—it might be a history worth reading, as it would teach you to respect human nature. But as it is in fact, a most one-sided affair, a history not of man, but of the rulers of men, of nobilities, and governments and their acts, it fills one only with loathing and horror, and detestation of the race, it is a history of persons compared with whom an out-pouring from jails and prisons would be equally worthy of regard—a history of moral monsters, for whom the gallows is only too good. Look at Sismondi's history of the middle ages, an account of an uninterrupted succession of villains, scoundrels, traitors, thieves and tyrants, under the names of kings, Popes, Princes and Nobles. Such a history represents one class of men very truly, those namely, who secure power and money by the most atrocious crimes; but all other classes most insufficiently and falsely. It would be nothing short of impious to say that *God made* man as the history of the upper classes represents, and truly represent him.

How a man like Sismondi could have the patience and the heart to write such a book, passes one's belief—never taking the pains to look after the character, condition, fate, of the middling and working classes; still more how he could have waded through the Augean filth of the details of those innumerable local histories of families and cities which he must have ransacked to arrive at his general results. The narrative is perspicuous and clear, but dull, owing to a want of interest in the persons, character and events described;—and to his way of sinking all events but those of treachery, falsehood, robbery and blood, and only glancing at those of a more valuable character, such as the condition of art and letters, the lives and fortunes of the great and good, the state, as to morals and happiness of the masses.

In the year 1405 there is this incident, like a thousand others, equally true to the times and the class of persons who figure in it. There were two brothers Cavalcaibo. The elder, Lord of Cremona, had a favorite, a soldier of fortune, Gabrius Fondolo. Ugo Cavalcaibo, in a fight with one of the Visconti was taken prisoner. Fondolo sought to revenge and deliver his Lord and friend. Meantime the other brother, Charles, was made Lord of Cremona. But Ugo effected his escape. Then, between the brothers a civil war arose. Fondolo, who had in fact more power than either of them, offered to mediate between them and invited the brothers and *all* the members of their families, old and young, to a great feast on the occasion of the reconciliation. In the midst of the supper, the doors were suddenly shut and fastened, and Fondolo and his adherents fell upon the guests as they sat at the table, and massacred them all to the number of more than seventy persons, and Fondolo was acknowledged Lord of Cremona and was ranked among the princes of Italy.

But this is nothing to his account of Eccelino, a monster who reigned thirty-four years, and who breakfasted, dined, and supped on the tears, groans, and shrieks of those whom he held immured in dungeons shut in with serpents, and all loathsome reptiles, till they died—or slowly tortured on racks, and in every other way his imagination could devise. Thirty-four years of such a life! and no assassin could be found.

News from the Churches

LETTER FROM MEADVILLE.

November 18th, 1850.

Our school is now fairly commenced. There are 28 students in all, 15 of whom entered at the last commencement. Three of our number represent Massachusetts, three are from Vermont, and one from Connecticut. Many circumstances conspire to render our situation advantageous and happy. The students represent different sections of our country, and different schools of thought. They are from the middle class of society, and that aristocracy which is founded upon extraneous circumstances is unknown. They are animated with one spirit, and are reaching forward to a common object.

The Professors are eminently qualified for their respective departments, and besides the usual modes and seasons of instruction, kindly aid those who need assistance. The library though not so extensive as many others, is well selected, and affords excellent facilities for information. Through the able efforts of the Librarian its numbers are rapidly increasing, and many valuable private collections are kindly opened for our examination. The friends of the school are the friends of the students also, and the sympathizing hand is cordially extended to all who avail themselves of this means of improvement. He is not forced *out* of society that he may acquire a knowledge of its elements, but he is ever a welcome recipient of social favor. The condition of society in the adjoining country is beautifully designed to awaken the sympathies of the christian heart, and furnish a field for the exercise of a philanthropic spirit. Besides, the lovely grandeur of the landscape, the hoary hills covered with their grey old oaks, the deep ravines, the transparent creeks winding through the verdant valley, now wide-spread, and now sheltered by woody pinnacles, exerts a powerfully elevating influence upon the susceptible mind of the student. Indeed five talents have been entrusted to our keeping, and surely we shall be held responsible.

But what I most deplore is, that New England should be numerically so feebly represented here; that among the splendid designs of her philanthropists, this institution receives comparatively so little aid. All admit that the sending of earnest, devoted teachers of the living Word to those who are destitute, is a work of greater moment than the erection of costly churches, or the furtherance of hundreds of schemes of a strictly temporal nature and aim. There are in almost every New England Society, young men whose natural abilities eminently qualify them for any avocation, and who earnestly desire to

become teachers of the everlasting Truth, but who, owing to peculiar circumstances, are obliged to pursue vocations ungenial to their tastes and averse to the tendencies of their mental constitutions. For their aid this institution was designed and is supported. Societies might support one of their members who was willing to commence the work, as a few of our societies are already doing. And in most churches are individuals, who are willing to aid any charitable effort which promises success, and are anxiously waiting the happy opportunity. How much real good might these accomplish, would they imitate the noble example of two of your citizens, whose names I need not mention. Let this course be adopted, and our old societies would soon be supplied with ministers, and unto those who are sitting in the valley and shadow of death a glorious light would be given. The whitened harvest would be garnered ere the winter's blight rendered it worthless.

W. T. C.

[For the Register.]

TROY, N. Y. It may be gratifying to some of the readers of the Register, to know that the Unitarian Society in the above-named city, though numerically small, and destitute of a pastor whom they can call their own, and ignored and absolutely shut out from the pale of christian sympathy, by the exclusiveness of surrounding sectarianism, is yet holding on its quiet and unobtrusive course,—steadily growing, if not outwardly, in numbers, yet inwardly, by a healthy developement of christian zeal and energy,—feeling and manifesting a truer and deeper appreciation of the preciousness of that faith, which they have been led, in the providence of God to embrace, and loving it more fervently for the very sacrifices which they are obliged to make in its behalf. Nobly are they struggling to stem the current of fashion and public sentiment, which still sets strongly against them, and not without success. They have made good their right to exist; and they hope to *increase*, through the force of that truth, which hath mighty allies in Heaven, and in the human heart; and this hope will not make them ashamed. There are some very intelligent, earnest-minded, wide-awake men belonging to this little band, and "of noble women," as St. Paul would call them, "not a few."

In these last chiefly reside the life and strength of the society; and never can it fall and come to naught, while there are such hearts to pray, and such hands to toil for it. They have among themselves, what they modestly call "the industrious society," who, by the labor of their fingers, and a little fair which they hold yearly, have been able to contribute something like a hundred and fifty dollars annually, towards defraying the current expenses of the parish. They are now, the present season, aiming at a great object, which is nothing more nor less than to attempt, by the proceeds of their Fair, to wipe off a portion of the debt which hangs over their church. Feeling unable to accomplish this most praise-worthy object from their own resources, they have made an appeal, to some of their sister churches in the East, for sympathy and aid. We hope that this appeal from those who feel that it would be more blessed to *give* than to receive, will be promptly responded to by a tender of substantial help.

There are few spots of Unitarianism out of New England, of more freshness and promise, than this almost over-looked one at Troy: and *there are few* places, where it is more important to our cause, that the beacon light of christian truth and freedom should be kept brightly burning.

C. R.

PITTSBURG, PA. We are happy to learn that Rev. Mr. De Lange is preaching in Pittsburgh to highly respectable audiences, and with a fair prospect of reviving the Unitarian society in that place.

BRIDGEPORT, CT. Mr. Charles E. Hodges, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, has received a call to be settled over the Unitarian Society in Bridgeport.

WESTFORD, MASS. Rev. John B. Willard, has dissolved his connection with the Unitarian Society in Westford.

Notices of New Publications.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER. Edited by J. E. Ryland. With Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion. By John Sheppard.

This is the life of John Foster the Essayist. It is the life of a man who really did live while he lived. In his life-time his name reached farther than his essays; and not without good reason, for the man himself was better than his books, good as those were. This biography is that of a brave, thoughtful and religious man—a clergyman, a scholar, and a philosopher. Mostly it is auto-biographical, for it consists chiefly of his letters.

He was a native of Yorkshire in England. His places of study were his father's barn, the Baptist College at Bristol, and the open fields, which he was fond of walking and thinking in. He was instructed by two or three Baptist Ministers, and perhaps still more effectively by poverty, disappointment and long disfavor.

His character was pure and perhaps of the very purest. His elocution as a preacher was not very good, though at a late period of his life it was not so bad, but that men thronged to listen to it. Even as a young man, it appears from his papers, that he had thorough use of his talents. And yet he was not popular as a preacher. Indeed he was very unpopular. When he preached in his own neighborhood, a man that was the greatest authority in the congregation once said: "I do not know what he has been driving at, all this afternoon, unless to set riddles." While often the people said to one another, "He is going to take us to the stars again."

For many years, he was thought by some people to be Methodistical and fanatical, on account of the strength of his religious feeling; while by other persons he was thought to be a cold rationalist, because of his not using the current phraseology of the pulpit, but that of literature and daily life, instead. He had to suffer from men, as he says, who had zealously adopted a few peculiar phrases and notions, some of them proper, some cant, some unintelligible, and some absurd, but he wanted to have these repeated with heat and positiveness an indefinite number of times, with occasional damnatory clauses for the edification of such as happen to think otherwise. He says, "If a man has discarded or has never learned the accustomed theological diction, and speaks in the general language of good sense, as he would on any other subject, they do not like his sentiments even though according with their own:—his language and his thoughts are all pagan: he offers sacrifice with strange fire."

He preached at Newcastle; he preached at Dublin; he preached at Chichester; he preached at Battersea, near London; he preached at Frome; and he preached at Downend, near Bristol. And every where he preached to congregations that dwindled away. He was suspected of being not quite orthodox, sometimes on one point, and sometimes on another. Everywhere he was respected for his blameless life, but nowhere esteemed for his talents.

It does seem almost incredible, how this man went from place to place preaching sermons, to hardly a worthy listener anywhere. In the full vigor of his intellect and while he was living the life of a saint, he was turned away from, as being an unprofitable preacher, not merely by a perverse man here and there, but by whole congregations in several towns. No wonder he felt himself as though stranded on a foreign world.

All this disfavor he bore bravely, but not without feeling it acutely, and perhaps not without being saddened by it, for his whole life.

When he was about thirty-five years of age, he became engaged to a lady, who is said to have persuaded him to write a volume of Essays. The volume was written and published; and through a friend of the author was made known to Wilberforce, Horne Tooke, Lord Teignmouth, and other men of influence. This kind friend distributed a fifth part of the edition in this manner, and so gained for the author an immediate reputation. A second edition of the volume was called for within four months from the publication of the first. A third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth followed in after times.

He became the editor of the Eclectic Review; he married, and he resided at Bourton in Somersetshire. And his reputation grew and grew till he became immediately and highly honored, indeed profoundly reverenced. But to the end of his life, a something of sadness was on his soul from the world's frown fixed on him so long.

His Essays and Reviews are monuments of a laborious life: and the more truly so, as he could not write a whole page, without such a mental effort as completely exhausted him for the day.

After his gloomy youth, friendship and fortune and fame were his; and great usefulness was his. And now that he has gone hence, he has left behind him a name that will last long, and a history that will teach young men patience and courage and fortitude.

John Foster died in his seventy-fourth year. He had lived the life of a man and a Christian, and he died the death of a Christian, and a child of God.

W. M.

MR. BURTON'S LECTURES. Mr. Burton delivered the first lecture of his course on Monday evening. It was full of admirable suggestions, presented in a manner equally impressive and attractive. His views on education commend themselves for their wisdom, and no one who ever read the "District School as it Was," can doubt his power to interest an audience.

Mr. Burton delivers his next lecture in Washingtonian Hall on Monday evening, December 9th.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

——The marked event of this week has been the reception of the President's message to Congress throughout the country. It is comparatively speaking a brief document, written with clearness and ability. With regard to foreign nations, the President asserts the policy of strict neutrality—of non-interference—to be that of the United States. In domestic affairs, he considers the Constitution, as interpreted by the decisions of the highest judicial tribunal of the country to be his guide. He declares that he shall take care to have *all* the laws faithfully executed. On this point—the execution of the laws—his language is decided. He says:

"In a Government like ours, in which all laws are passed by a majority of the representatives of the people, and these representatives are chosen for such short periods, that any injurious or obnoxious law can very soon be repealed, it would appear unlikely that any great numbers should be found ready to resist the execution of the laws. But it must be borne in mind that the country is extensive, that there may be local interests or prejudices rendering a law odious in one part, which is not so in another, and that the thoughtless and inconsiderate, misled by their passions, or their imaginations, may be induced madly to resist such laws as they disapprove. Such persons should recollect that, without laws, there can be no real practical liberty; that, when law is trampled under foot, tyranny rules, whether it appears in the form of a military despotism or of popular violence. The law is the only sure protection of the weak, and the only efficient restraint upon the strong. When imparually and faithfully administered, none are beneath its protection, and none above its control. You, gentlemen, and the country may be assured, that to the utmost of my ability, and to the extent of the power vested in me, I shall at all times, and in all places, take care that the laws be faithfully executed. In the discharge of this duty, solemnly imposed upon me by the Constitution, and by my oath of office, I shall shrink from no responsibility, and shall endeavor to meet events as they may arise, with firmness, as well as with prudence and discretion."

In another part of the message he speaks in terms of commendation of the compromise measures of the late Congress, and recommends that the existing adjustment should be adhered to. He says:

It was hardly to have been expected that the series of measures passed at your last session, with the view of healing the sectional differences which had sprung from slavery and territorial questions, should at once have realized their benencient purpose. All mutual concession in the nature of a compromise must necessarily be unwelcome to men of extreme opinions. And though without such concessions our Constitution could not have been formed, and cannot be permanently sustained, yet we have seen them made the subject of bitter controversy in both sections of the Republic. It required many months of discussion and deliberation to secure the concurrence of a majority of Congress in their favor. It would be strange if they had been received with immediate approbation by people and states, prejudiced and heated by the exciting controversies of their representatives. I believe those measures to have been required by the circumstances and condition of the country.

I believe they were necessary to allay asperities and animosities that were rapidly alienating one section of the country from another, and destroying those fraternal sentiments which are the strongest supports of the Constitution. They were adopted in the spirit of conciliation, and for the purpose of conciliation. I believe that a great majority of our fellow-citizens sympathize in that spirit, and that purpose, and in the main approve, and are prepared, in all respects, to sustain these enactments. I cannot doubt that the American people, bound together by kindred blood and common traditions, still cherish a paramount regard for the Union of their fathers; and that they are ready to rebuke any attempt to violate its integrity, to disturb the compromises on which it is based, or to resist the laws which have been enacted under its authority.

The series of measures to which I have alluded are regarded by me as a sentiment, in principal and substance—a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embraced. Most of these subjects, indeed, are beyond your reach, as the legislation which disposed of them was, in its character, final and irrevocable. It may be presumed from the opposition which they all encountered that none of those measures was free from imperfections, but in their mutual dependence and connexion they formed a system of compromise, the most conciliatory, and best for the entire country, that could be obtained from conflicting sectional interests and opinions.

For this reason I recommend your adherence to the adjustment established by those measures, until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against evasion or abuse.

By that adjustment we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct, and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me in exhorting my countrymen to rally upon and maintain that ground as the best, if not the only means of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union.

All our foreign relations are stated to be in a favorable condition. The finances are briefly alluded to. It appears that;

"The total receipts into the Treasury for the year ending 30th of June last, were forty-seven million four hundred and twenty-one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight dollars and ninety cents, ($47,421,748.90.)

The total expenditures during the same period were forty-three million two thousand one hundred and sixty-eight dollars and ninety cents, ($43,002,168.90.)

The puplic debt has been reduced, since the last annual report from the Treasury Department, four hundred and ninety-five thousand two hundred and seventy six dollars and seventy nine cents, ($495,276.79.")

The importance of some change in the present tariff by which specific instead of ad valorem duties may be levied and permanent encouragement afforded to domestic manufactures is strongly urged. The establishment of a mint in California is recommended, and also the erection of an agricultural bureau, to be charged with the agricultural interests of the country. "Provision," says the President,

"Should also be made for the employment of a competent mineralogist and chemist, who should be required, under the direction of the head of the bureau, to collect specimens of the various minerals of our country, and to ascertain, by careful analysis, their respective elements and properties, and their adaptation to useful purposes. He should also be required to examine and report upon the qualities of different soils, and the manures best calculated to improve their productiveness. By publishing the results of such experiments, with suitable explanations, and by the colleetion and distribution of rare seeds and plants, with instructions as to the best system of cultivation, much may be done to promote this great national interest."

The revenue of the Post-office department for the last year has considerably exceeded its expenditures, and a reduction of postage is therefore recommended. It is stated that

"The gross revenues of the Department for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1850, amounted to five millions five hundred and fifty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-one dollars and forty-eight cents, including the annual appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars for the franked matter of the departments, and excluding the foreign postages collected for and payable to the British Government.

The expenditures for the same period were five millions two hundred and twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty-three dollars and forty-three cents—leaving a balance of revenue over expenditures of three hundred and forty thousand and eighteen dollars and five cents.

I am happy to find that the fiscal condition of the Department is such as to justify the Postmaster General in recommending the reduction of our inland letter postage to three cents the single letter when prepaid. He also recommends that the prepaid rate shall be reduced to two cents whenever the revenues of the Department, after the reduction, shall exceed its expenditures by more than five per cent. for two consecutive years; that the postage upon California and other letters sent by our ocean steamers shall be much reduced; and that the rates of postage on newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and other printed matter shall be modified, and some reduction thereon made.

The attention of Congress is called to the condition of the territories, to our relations with the Indians and with Mexico, to numerous and perplexing land claims and titles in California, to the state of the army and navy and to internal improvements, and various recommendations are made upon all these subjects. The message concludes thus:

And now, fellow-citizens, I cannot bring this communication to a close without invoking you to join me in humble and devout thanks to the Great Ruler of nations, for the multiplied blessings which he has graciously bestowed upon us. His hand, so often visible in our preservation, has stayed the pestilence, saved us from foreign wars and domestic disturbances, and scattered plenty throughout the land.

Our liberties, religious and civil, have been maintained; the fountains of knowledge have all been kept open, and means of happiness widely spread and generally enjoyed, greater than have fallen to the lot of any other nation. And, while deeply penetrated with gratitude for the past, let us hope that his all-wise Providence will so guide our counsels, as that they shall result in giving satisfaction to our constituents, securing the peace of the country, and adding new strength to the united Government under which we live.

MILLARD FILMORE.

WASHINGTON, December 2d, 1850

TO THE AUTHORS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The inhabitants of the Territory of Utah, through their authorized Agent, desire to state that the position of our Territory cuts us off from the depositories of learning accessible to others, and we can only rely upon the distant periods of arrival of our mails, to learn what is transpiring in our common country. A Library for constant reference and mental culture in the more abstract intellectual sciences is more than desirable; it is vital to our existence and prosperity. Congress with enlightened sagacity that should always characterize the views of the true American in matters of education, has appropriated $5,000 for the commencement of a Library for the citizens residing in the Territory of Utah, and the President of the United States has appointed the undersigned to procure it. He will remain in the City of New-York a considerable portion of the Winter for that purpose. While thus appropriating his time, it has occured to himself and his friends, that a most agreeable and profitable method of furthering this design, would be to acquaint authors and publishers of books and newspapers throughout the United States, with the wants of his constituents, and to asure them of the sincere gratitude with which donations from them will be received. All such files of papers and copies of works can be forwarded by mail, addressed to Hon. George Briggs, Member of Congress, New-York City. The word Utah should be written on the outside of the envelop inclosing them, so that their destination may be more correctly distinguished from works intended for the Hon. member himself. By this arrangement they will be ass ured of their reaching their destination, and of their appropriation to their avowed object. The autograph of the author or donor will increase the value of his gift, and convey to the reader of a succeeding generation a pleasing memento of the man to whom he may be indebted for his means of communicating with the mind of a preceding age. The volumes, firmly enveloped in thick wrappers, may be forwarded at your earliest convenience as above requested.

JOHN M. BERNHISEL.

SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE. The Legislature was organised at Columbia, on Monday, by the election of R. F. W. Allston as President of the Senate, and James Simons as Speaker of the House.

The message of Gov. Seabrook of South Carolina, advocates secession, and embodies pretty much the general sentiments heretofore expressed by the South Carolina secessionists. He thinks that the repeal of the fugitive slave law will lead to disunion, and that unless the South is protected, secession will be best. Resolutions avowing the right of secession have been introduced in the North Carolina Legislature; and declaring that the repeal of the fugitive slave law will render the measure necessary. [N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

JENNY LIND, The Calais Advertiser announces the receipt by the Cashier of the Calais Bank, of a draft for $500 in favor of Mrs. Clark, the widow of the mate of the bark Sophia of that place, who lost his life in his generous exertions to take off a Swedish crew from the wreck of the brig Johannes of Stockholm, in September last.

☞ *Premium for a Dissertation.* A premium of Thirty Dollars will be paid to the person who shall write the Dissertation containing the most full and perfect, and the best narration of historical and other facts which may reasonably be supposed to have influenced the child Jesus to tarry in Jerusalem and "sit in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." Luke ii. 46.

The Dissertations must be written in a fair legible hand, on one side of each letter sheet, with a convenient margin, and they are to be forwarded, in a sealed package, inclosing a sealed paper containing the address of the writer, with the postage thereof paid, to Christian Register, at 22 School street, Boston, before the first day of March next.

The packages will be numbered as they are received, and, not before, but during the month of March next, they will all be examined, and the premium awarded and forwarded to the successful writer, before opening the paper containing the address of any other writer.

The Dissertations will be the property of the person who pays the premium, and may be published at his discretion; but the names of the writers will not be made public without their express authority. dec7

☞ Westboro', Mass., Oct., 1850. TO THE FRIENDS OF BENEVOLENCE. The Ladies' Benevolent Society, connected with the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society, in this place, feeling it a duty and a privilege, to aid in sustaining the same, have resolved to hold a Fair, in the Town Hall, on Thursday, the 19th day of December next.

The object of this Fair, is benevolence, and while we are engaged in the work of aiding and sustaining our Religious Society, which has been recently re-organized, this meeting will also afford an opportunity for social intercourse with our friends, who may be present, to unite their sympathy with us, in our cause.

We feel at this time, the necessity of applying to ourselves the adage, "Charity should begin at home," and we have therefore decided, that the proceeds of the Fair shall be expended for the benefit of this Religious Society.

First, we desire to purchase a Seraphine, which has been selected, knowing, full well, that its harmonious tones will render much assistance to the Choir, in performing an essential part of religious worship, and, should our success enable us to do more, we shall cheerfully appropriate it to the cause we have adopted.

By our industry for a few months past, we have accumulated numerous, useful and fancy articles, which we shall offer for sale upon that occasion; and to make this part of the entertainment the more interesting and productive, we respectfully solicit, from all who may feel disposed, to contribute such artic es, as their different tastes may dictate.

A Refreshment Table will be provided, and we indulge the hope, that our friends in our immediate vicinity, will contribute to make it, one bountifully spread.

During the day and evening, appropriate pieces of music will be occasionally sung, and performed upon the piano forte and seraphine.

Our aim will be, to make this meeting, pleasant, profitable and interesting to all; and we earnestly appeal to all benevolent friends, to unite with us in our cause, and thereby enable us to bestow liberally, in aid of our Society.

Articles contributed, may be sent to the care of MR. B. B. NOURSE, who is authorized to receive them.

In behalf of the Ladies' Benevolent Society,
nov30 MARIETTA H. MELLEN, Secretary.

☞ *Worcester County Auxiliary Association.* The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of contributions:—

From Union Society in Worcester, by P. L. Allen, Esq.,	$51 25
From Brookfield Association Bible Society, Mr. Hyde, Esq. Treasurer.	
Collected in West Congregational Society, Ware,	37 25
in Spencer,	24 78
in Oakham,	15 00
in New Braintree,	44 77
in North Brookfield,	30 11
in Storrsville, Mr. Dana,	7 00
From Congregational Society, Holden, by Rev. Mr. Paine,	20 40
From First Congregational Society, Northboro', by Rev. Dr. Allen,	8 00
	$248 41

Worcester, Dec. 2, 1850. dec7

☞ The Ladies of the First Unitarian Society in Troy, propose holding their Third Annual Fair for the sale of needful and fancy articles on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23 and 24, the proceeds to be applied as heretofore to the reduction of the Church debt. Your aid in this undertaking is respectfully solicited by sending articles or funds as agreeable to you as cold cash, addressed to E. B. Strutt & Co., Troy, by Express or otherwise.

By order of the Society,
dec7 MARY W. BARTON, Sec.

☞ *The Children's Mission.* The following sums have been received in aid of "The Children's Mission," and are hereby gratefully acknowledged.

From the Sullivan Street Sunday School Domestic Missionary Society,	$8 75
From the King's Chapel Church Sunday School,	20 00
From a friend, through Mr. Geo. Merrill,	5 00
From the Sunday School of the Church of the Saviour,"	25 00
From the Sunday School of the First Parish in Dorchester,	20 00
From the Female Benevolent Society and Social Circle of the first Parish in Dedham; with the following note—	10 00

"Remembering the commendation bestowed on the widow's two mites, by our Saviour we send the enclosed small sum, with the hope that it will assist you in your benevolent enterprise."

BENJ. H. GREENE,
Treasurer of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute. dec7

☞ *The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers,* will meet on Monday next at the house of Rev. S. K. Lothrop in Court street.

dec7 S. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ *Harper's New Monthly Magazine.* The first Vol. of this work is now completed. Redding & Co. announce in their advertisement, that the price—$3, a year,—will be reduced if two copies are subscribed for. Two copies will be furnished for FIVE DOLLARS. dec7

☞ *The Cambridge Ministerial Association* will meet in Cambridge at the house of Rev. Dr. Francis on Tuesday, 10th inst, at 2, P. M.

dec7 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ *Mr. Burton's Second Lecture on Domestic Education* will be given next Monday evening, 7 o'clock, at Washingtonian Hall, 21 Broomfield street.

*** The subject will be one distinct from that of the first. Price of admission proportionately reduced. dec7

☞ *Correction.* By a typographical error in publishing the receipts into the treasury of the Meadville Theological School for the year ending October 1, 1850, which appeared in the Register of Nov. 16, the amount received from the American Unitarian Association was printed $9 75 instead of $975 00.

This latter sum, it ought to be remarked, includes only payments into the treasury of the school. The A. U. A. during the same period contributed $570 00 towards the support of the school, which did not pass through the hands of the treasurer.

EDGAR HUIDEKOPER,
Treasurer, M. T. S.
Meadville, Nov. 28, 1850. dec7

☞ *Rev. R. C. Waterston* will give the Seventh of the Young Men's series of Temperance Discourses at his Church in Bedford street on Sunday, (tomorrow) evening, at 7 o'clock. dec7

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 25, by Rev F. D. Huntington, Mr Stephen Curtis to Miss Eliza F., daughter of Samuel Payson, Esq.

Nov. 26, at the South Congregational Church, by Rev Mr Pope of Somerville, Mr Roland Winslow to Miss Anne P. Hall, both of Boston.

Nov. 27, by Rev Dr Sharp, Mr Joseph F. Milner to Miss Lucy L. Sprague, both of this city.

In North Chelsea, 1st inst, by Rev Norwood Damon, Mr Josiah B. Perkins to Miss Mary E. Davis, all of N. C.

In Groton Nov. 23, by Rev Mr Farnsworth of North Chelsea, Mr Horace Hamilton of Chelmsford, to Miss Susan M. Farnsworth of G.

In Templeton, in the evening of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28th, by Rev Mr Wellington, Giles H. Whitney, Esq. to Miss Lydia Ann Davis, second daughter of Joseph Davis, Esq., all of Templeton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 23, Mrs ANN, widow of the late Nath'l Bradlee, 85.

In Cambridge, Nov. 4, J. Whipple, Esq., 63

In Attleborough, Mass., Nov. 20, Samuel Tyler, in the 65th year of his age.

OBITUARIES.

Died in Marlborough, on Saturday, Nov. 23, after a short illness, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Dea. Eli Rice, aged 71 years.

By the death of Mrs. Rice, a large family circle have lost a cherished and beloved relative, and the Christian community to which she belonged, a respected and valued member. She was a sincere, faithful and humble Christian. More than forty-five years ago she and her husband united with the Church, and their's has ever been a religious household. Enjoying the guiding counsels of a pious mother, she may be said, from her childhood, to have walked with God. As a wife and mother of a numerous family she has been a model of what one should be in those relations. She was ever prompt and active in all offices of friendship and neighborly kindness. Rarely was she absent on the Sabbath, from her accustomed seat in the sanctuary, and the religion which she there professed she carried to her home and into all the duties and engagements of her daily life. Her family and the community will greatly feel her loss.

Her death was sudden and unexpected, for, though advanced in years, she had few of the infirmities of age. But the summons found her ready. She met the call in a resigned, cheerful and trusting spirit, and having taken a calm and affectionate leave of her husband and children committed her spirit into the hands of her Creator. Let us not doubt that to her are now fulfilled the words of Holy Writ. "Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord." H. A.

Died in Pembroke, Nov. 13, Dea. Isaac Hatch, aged 54 years.

Dea. Hatch was a descendant of one of the earliest settled families in this place; a family which through a succession of generations has been remarkable for sobriety and the practice of numerous virtues. The deceased well sustained and in some respects exceeded the character of progenitors. From early youth he distinguished himself in zealous and liberal support of all the institutions most intimately connected with the order and welfare of society. He possessed an unusual spirit of enterprise, and was disposed to appropriate much of the fruits of it to objects of social improvement. Contrary to what has been the prevailing temper of young men in the last half century, he cherished strong attachment to the paternal home. He located himself in rather an unpromising situation in the town, and in persevering labor and final success, proved the fallacy of the argument used by multitudes to justify the desertion of parents and early friends; that it is impracticable, without capital to commence with, for a young man to live comfortably and acquire property in one of these early settled towns.

The subject of this notice began business depending chiefly upon the strength and ingenuity given him for success. In the progress of life he was enabled greatly to extend his business, and called to his aid numerous laborers who must be painfully affected in his absence. As a business man he lived beloved and respected; but never suffered business to engross his whole attention to the neglect of higher and more important interests. At an early period he made a public profession of religion and was an habitual and strict observer of its appointments. His brethren testified their approbation of his walk and respect for his character in elevating him to office in the church. The loss of such a friend at an early age must be afflicting to all connected with him in business, and peculiarly afflictive to his family and the religious society of which he was a member; but the hope that he was ripened for higher and better than earthly employments is a precious and abiding consolation. [Old Colony Memorial.

OVER 50,000 PRINTED!

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

The Deserted Village. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Portrait and Eleven Illustrations
The Fugitive King at Boscobel. By Miss Strickland.
Gunpowder and Chalk.
The Escape of Queen Mary from Loch Levin Castle.
A German Picture of the Scotch
The French Revolutionists, Marat, Robespierre, and Danton.
Rattlin and Reefer's Dream. A Tough but True Yarn.
Letters and Letter Writing.
A Chapter on Shawls.
A Night of Terror in a Polish Inn.
England in 1850. By A. de Lamartine.
The Haunts of Genius—Gray, Burke, Milton, Dryden, and Pope.
Flowers in the Sick Room.
Lively Turtle. A Sketch of a Conservative.
The Unlawful Gift; or, Kindness Rewarded.
The Gamblers of the Rhine
The Conflict of Love. A Tale of Real Life.
Street Music in London.
Mistakes in Personal Identity.
The Ghost that appeared to Mrs. Wharton.
The Fate of a German Reformer. A Life in Three Pictures.
The Death of John Randolph. By Hon. Hugh A. Garland. With a Portrait of Randolph.
An Agreeable Surprise.
A Death-Bed. By James Aldrich (Poetry.)
My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (Six Chapters.)
Anecdote of a Dog.
The Domestic Life of Alexander, Emperor of Russia. By Alexander Dumas.
An Empty House; or, Struggles of the Poor.
Odds and Cold Water.
Sinners and Sufferers; or, the Villainy of High Life.
The Golden Rule (Poetry.)
Give Wisely! An Anecdote.
Monthly Record of Current Events—Domestic and Foreign—Political, Literary, Scientific, and Personal.
Literary Notices—Books of the Month.
The Fashions for December (with three Engravings.)

The Publishers of the New Monthly Magazine commence the 8-cond Volume by the introduction of a new feature, which they believe will very decidedly increase its claims to public favor. They intend to present occasionally some of the master-pieces of classical English literature, illustrated in a style of unequaled elegance and beauty. In this number they have given Goldsmith's Deserted Village, which has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most perfect compositions of human genius. The engravings by which it is illustrated are numerous, and superior, in all respects, to any thing of the kind ever before published in the pages of any monthly in the world. The Publishers are confident that this feature, followed up with the abundant resources at their command, will place the Magazine beyond the reach not only of rivalry, but of successful imitation also.

The leading object of the New Monthly Magazine is to present to the Public in handsomer style, and at a cheaper rate, a greater amount of reading matter, combining entertainment with instruction, than any other periodical in the world. The extraordinary circulation which it has already attained, and the steady increase of its popularity, afford abundant and encouraging evidence of the degree to which that object has been attained. Still greater care will be bestowed upon every department of the work; and, if it does not attain, within the coming year, a regular circulation of not less than 100,000 copies, it shall be from no lack of effort on the part of its conductors, to make it deserve so large a degree of public favor.

Each number of the Magazine will contain 144 pages octavo, in double columns. Two volumes of a single year, therefore, will present nearly two thousand pages of the choicest of the Miscellaneous Literature of the age. A carefully prepared Fashion Plate, and other pictorial illustrations, will accompany each number.

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Persons desiring the Work early will please to furnish their names and address to the Agents. Orders for Numbers from the commencement can now be supplied.

HARPER & BRO., 82 Cliff street, N. Y., Publishers.

The No. for December, hourly expected, by REDDING & Co., 8 State street Boston, Agents. 1is dec7

A SPLENDID NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

Godey's January No. of Lady's Book, 1851.

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"THE CONSTANT," designed by Gilbert, expressly for "Godey's Lady Book"—one of a pair of plates, the mate to which will be published in the March No. It contains besides the principal engraving, four tableaux, "Going to Church," "Childish Sport," "Sickness," and "Wedlock."

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POETRY.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

An old man slept in his elbow chair,
At close of a summer day,
And his cheek was fanned by the idle wing
Of a zephyr in its play.
And he recked not the sound of a busy wheel
That was humming its ceaseless lay.

A weary wight was the old man now,
And he slept, though a hammer's fall
Was clinking still, with its heavy stroke,
Close down by the cottage wall;
For he lab ored all day in the factory,
The busiest of them all.

But he woke at last with a sudden start,
And then with a smile said he,
"Oh, a beautiful dream I have surely had
Of a far-off country:
Good wife, lay by thy wheel a space,
And I'll tell it unto thee.

"Not here by the latticed pane I sat,
Nor slept in my elbow chair,
For my limbs were the active limbs of youth,
So tall and straight and fair,
And my dim old eyes they had found their light,
And dark were my locks of hair.

"I was young ag in as I once had been,
And I roamed away at will,
With a glad free step o'er a spreading plain,
And a bright and breezy hill,
And I was not forced to toil for bread
Within the roaring mill.

"A shadowy veil of golden haze
All over the landscape lay,
And me thought, as I looked on the fairy scene,
'Twas the morn of a summer day;
But never a summer sun, I ween,
Shone out with such heavenly ray.

"It tinged the breast of a lovely stream
Which flowed through that region wide;
A broad, still river, that peacefully
In the sunlight seemed to glide,
With soft green pastures and flowery fields,
Sloped down to its silver tide.

"And I m nded me well if *thou* wert there,
Though I was not all alone—
And I said, 'Good wife, shall we meet again?'
Then a low yet pleasant tone,
Made answer, 'she'l come to thee by-and-by,
But the time is still unknown.'

"And I laid me down by that shining stream,
'Neath a cool and grateful shade,
Where harps, methought, in the leafy boughs,
A murmuring music made;
And sweet was the rest of that grassy couch,
And the winds that round me played.

"There was no hum of the jarring wheels—
Each sound of labor slept;
And they told me—I saw bright creatures there—
That an endless rest they kept,
And, but that all tears were wiped away,
For gladness I could have wept.

"Our children's faces and forms I saw—
There was not a cloud between—
I knew them all; they were fairer grown,
And yet were the same, I ween;
And they came to my side as they would have come
Had we parted yester e'en.

"I looked on each in my dream but now;
The smile of our gal ant son,
And the soft blue eyes of my darling Jean,
With our queenly Marion;
And softly shed o'er each fair young head
A golden glory shone.

"They spake to me kind and loving words,
And pointed me far, to where
The dazzling gates of a city stood
Uprea ed in the silent air,
And told me the Lord of that happy land
Would give me a portion there.

"Oh, sweet was the calm of my spirit then,
So blessed as I seemed to be,
That I would not have asked another boon
Save this, of a surety,
That thou mightest have shared my joy, good wife,
In that far-off countrie."

Another day and another eve,
And the old man slept again
In his elbow chair when his toil was done,
As he sat by the lattice pane,
And the good wife put her wheel aside
And called him, but all in vain.

She called him twice, and she called him thrice,
Her hand on his shoulder pressed,
But he gave no heed, and his silvery hair
Drooped down on his quiet breast;
For the weary man, with his life-toil o'er,
Had passed to the Land of Rest.

[Columbian Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TASSO.

His next removal was apparently to high fortune, or at least to a fair vantage-ground of honors and wealth. It was really the most disasterous step of his life. At the age of twenty Torquato probably viewed his introduction at the court of Ferrara through the most roseate tints of youthful hope. At the age of fifty, and in his communications with Manso, he drew a picture of his suit and service under Alphonso in all the colors of a transcendental sorrow,

——so some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Our limits do not permit of our tracing the progress of Tasso's misfortunes at the court of Ferrara. Our information, indeed, in spite of the labors of so many biographers, is very unsatisfactory. We do not know whether he loved or was beloved by Leonora; or whether he preferred or was preferred by Lucretia; or whether one or both of the ladies of Este were poetical impersonations of that metaphysical passion which poets, and Italian poets especially, seem to have held it their duty to entertain. Neither are we informed of the offence which Alphonso so cruelly avenged. On this point, as on so many others connected with Tasso, neither Manso nor Serassi can be implicitly trusted. The complexion of the Italian courts was eminently jealous; the tenure of court favor amid so many ambitious patrons and so many anxious suitors was more than commonly precarious. We know, indeed, that the young poet had enemies, and among them one that might and did probably poison the ducal ear against him—Giambattista Pigna, the private secretary of Alphonso. It appears, also, that either the Este family were capricious in their favors, or that Tasso himself was too incautious or too irritable for a courtier. Before he incurred the wrath of the duke, he had displeased, or fancied he had displeased, the Cardinal d'Este. Of this enigma, which is as inextricable as the cause of Ovid's banishment to Tomi, only two points are clear—that no indiscretion on the part of Tasso can have merited torments in comparison with which "Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel" are ordinary penalties; and that, whatever may have been Alphonso's injuries or suspicions, his fell and ingenious vengeance stands high on the register of history's darkest crimes.

At first, and for some time after Tasso's arrival at Ferrara, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The duke took much notice of him, and expressed deep interest in the progress of his epic. He accorded to him the privilege—in that ceremonious and heraldic age a high one—of dining at the *tavola ordinaria*, the daily dinner-table of the princes themselves. On Tasso's return from France, and even after the cooling of Luigi d'Este's favor, Alphonso appointed him one of his gentlemen, with a monthly salary of about fifteen golden crowns, and a special exemption from any particular duties, in order that he might have leisure for his studies and for the completion of his great work. The society of the ladies of Este must have constituted, however, the haleyon-calm of his life. In their society he was restored to the soothing and graceful influences of which he had been deprived from the time that, in his twelfth year, he bade his last farewell to his mother, Porzia de' Rossi. In this respect alone he was more fortunate than the most favored poet or wit in the circles of Cæsar and Mæcenas. The learned ladies of Rome, the Lælias and Cornelias, were the virtuous matrons of the commonwealth. The intriguing Livia, the Julias and Terentias, were more witty than intellectual, and as licentious as they were witty. A metaphysical amour would have been incomprehensible to Horace; and, had so strange a phenomenon been possible at Rome, it would only have furnished him with a hint for another satire. Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora are the creations of a Christian and chivalrous era. The princesses of Este were among the most accomplished women of the age; and in that age—when modern literature had as yet produced few of its masterworks—an accomplished woman was also a learned one. They were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as in their native literature; they were both of them excellent musicians; studious in every art and science; and attached to the society of the learned. Torquato was perhaps a dangerous companion for ladies so gifted. He was in the prime of youth. He was strikingly handsome. He excelled in all manly exercises. He had the scholar's melancholy. He sang well. He was sincere, earnest, and courteous. He surpassed all their former servants and admirers in the composition of sonnets and compliments, and in the grace with which he recited his compositions. Before his arrival in Ferrara, Tasso had celebrated all the Este family, and the Princess Lucretia in particular. His new service was a spur to prosecute his Gierusalemme with fresh vigor. Before six months had elapsed six cantos were completed. He had originally intended to dedicate his poem to the Duke of Urbino. He now inscribed it to Alphonso; and made Rinaldo, a real or imaginary ancestor of the House of Este, the Achilles of his Christian Iliad. Nor were his studies confined to the sacred army and its great captain. Not a week passed without its lyrical effusion in honor of Alphonso and his sisters. "If Madama Lucrezia," says Mr. R. Milman, "had been broidering—if Madama Leonora were unwell—if Madama Lucrezia appeared in black—if Madama Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold—his harp was ever ready to admire, rejoice, condole, to follow the glancing fingers, or to incite the removal of the envious cloud; if his lady had been singing, his choicest melodies were at hand to re-echo and prolong the sweet tones."

It was, however, during the occasional *villegiature* or country retirements of the princesses at Bel-riguardo or Cosandoli that Tasso passed his happiest hours of dependence. The morning hours were devoted to the healthy recreations of the chase, swimming and fishing; and the evenings to social relaxation and music, to literary and philosophical discussion, or the recitation of new sonnets and canzones. In all these evening diversions Lucretia and Leonora were well qualified to take part; and the irritable spirit of Tasso was soothed and strengthened by their applause, sympathy, and admonition. The duke himself rarely accompanied his sisters in their retirement. Ceremony was laid aside; the court remained at Ferrara; the voice of calumny and rivalry was for a while hushed; and the distinctions of rank were, perhaps, forgotten amid the chestnut forests, the silvery waterfalls, the sheltered gardens, and the well-stocked libraries and galleries of these ancient palaces of Este. In such retreats were read the earlier scenes of "Torrismondo," the best of Italian tragedies, until Alfieri created the tragic drama of Italy. The "Aminta" had been represented at the court theatre with every adjunct of appropriate music and gorgeous scenery and costumes, and amid the acclamations of the most beautiful women, the most chivalrous men, and the most accomplished scholars of a land and an age pre-eminent for its beauty, its chivalry, and its learning. One voice alone was wanting to complete the tribute of grateful applause. The Princess of Urbino had been unable to witness the representation of the most touching and graceful of modern pastorals. But Lucretia would not forego a delight in which thousands of meaner and less susceptible spectators had participated. The poet was invited to Urbino; he was most kindly received by Lucretia and her husband Francesco; he accompanied them during the summer heats to their villa of Castel Durante; and recited there the "Aminta" to his early friend, to his new patron, and to a small circle of approving courtiers and friends. The applause of the theatre was probably less welcome to the triumphant author, than the more tranquil gratulations of such an audience. It is, perhaps, idle to inquire, because it is impossible to ascertain, whether Tasso, when reciting some impassioned canzone, in such sweet seclusion, may not have indulged in sentiments too tender and perilous for a dependent of the noblest or, at least, the haughtiest, of the princely houses of Italy.

By what envious clouds so fair a dawn was overcast we are unable to discover. His old enemy, Pigna, was dead; but Pigna's successor in the secretaryship was even more embittered against him. The success of his "Aminta" in 1573, seems to have been the beginning of new sorrows. It provoked the jealousy of the courtiers. It was at first whispered, and next bruited abroad, that the humble dependent had dared to love a daughter of Este. Tasso's papers were once more seized. A few sonnets and canzones, and especially a maerigal—none of which compositions, however, were addressed to any one, or apparently intended to see the light — were thought to countenance the rumor, and even to boast of a successful passion. The house of Este did not belie its character of being the proudest in Italy. The duke was easily moved, and, when moved, inexorably vindictive. He alternately soothed and slighted Tasso. He menanced him with the inquisition; he restored him for a moment to favor; he embroiled him with a gentleman of his household, he gave out to the world that the poet was a maniac; and he did all in his power to make him one. The dreadful apparatus of Webster's Duchess of Malfy—the wild masque of madmen, "the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees," are, so to speak, scenic representments of the tortures inflicted by Alphonso's ingenious anger. At first Tasso was confined in his own apartments, where his present misery was sharply contrasted with the hopes which had inaugurated his fatal dependence upon this inhuman court. There he was placed under charge of the ducal physicians and servants, who reported to their employer every uncontrollable murmur and every impatient gesture. From the palace at Ferrara he was removed to the duke's country-seat at Bel-riguardo, "privately to commence the second scene of the painful drama."

For the subsequent scenes of that drama we must refer to Mr. R. Milman's pages. It is sufficient to have indicated the course pursued by Alphonso, and the sufferings endured by Tasso. We must, however, briefly contrast with each other the secrets of his prison-house, and the immediate celebrity which greeted his "Jerusalem Delivered."

In the gorgeous apartments of Bel-riguardo the sentence was passed upon him, that he must be a madman for the remainder of his days. He was confined in the convent of San Francisco, and two friars kept watch over him continually. They held, probably they were ordered to hold, negligent guard. He fled at different times to Naples, Venice, Urbino, Mantua, Paqua, Rome and Murin. Flight answered Alphonso's purpose as fully as imprisonment. Torquato's haggard looks, his penury, his hurried appeals, his perpetual restlessness, even the spell which carried him back at intervals to Ferrara, confirmed, wherever he went, the rumor of his madness. A Venetian nobleman, a Lombard gentleman, and the Duke of Urbino, treated him with kindness. But in general, all men turned coldly from him. If even he were not mad, the object of Alphonso's anger might be a perilous associate.

On the 2nd of February, 1579, Tasso quitted Turin, and returned to Ferrara. On the day following, Margherite Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, entered the city as the bride and third wife of Alphonso. Fourteen years before, Torquato had stood among the graced and distinguished spectators of that prince's nuptials with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria. He now gazed upon the masque and revelry of the marriage pageant a homeless vagrant and a reputed maniac. To shelter him, even to speak to him, was dangerous; to slight, to mock, and revile him, was loyalty. His patience was exhausted. He broke forth into vehement reproaches against the duke, his courtiers, and the ministers. He retracted the praises he had poured upon them; he renounced the services of Alphonso; he proclaimed aloud the falsehood and cruelty which had so long tortured him, and he was hurried off to the hospital of Santa Anna.

The hospital of Santa Anna was a Bedlam of the lowest description. The madhouse which Hogarth drew will aid us in forming a conception of an Italian Bedlam in the sixteenth century. In one of the worst cells of this wretched building was the author of the "Gierusalemme" lodged. There was one alleviation to the sufferings of the other inmates of Santa Anna—they were unconscious of their misery. Even that single alleviation was wanting to Tasso. He was, at least for a while, sane and conscious—"a living ghost pent in a dead man's tomb." "His next neighbora were the mad folks." A thin partition only divided him from

Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness ——

"I am all on fire," he wrote to Scipione Gonzaga, "nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labor. And the dread of endless imprisonment perpetually increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it; and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth and the damp annoy me; and, above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was so often troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society."

His sufferings were perhaps increased by an accident, trivial in appearance, but, in its consequences at least, melancholy and important. Agostino Mosti, the prior or warden of the Hospital of Santa Anna, had been the scholar of Ariosto, had raised, at his own cost, a monument to his deceased master in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, and continued to be the zealous partisan of his fame and writings. The supremacy of Ariosto as a poet was menanced by the prisoner now under Agostino's custody. The poet of Orlando had written satires, but he was accounted, by all who knew him, affable, generous, and humane. But the disciple of Ariosto was possessed by a different spirit; and his hatred or his fears prompted him to obey implicitly, if not to exceed, the instructions of Alphonso. His vigilance was unceasing, his language harsh, his demeanor arrogant; and his afflicted captive deplored at once the choice which had subjected him to such a patron, and the chance which now put him in the power of such a keeper. His sufferings were soothed, in some degree, by the generosity of a nephew of Agostino. This worthy youth—whose scholastic accomplishments appear to have awakened in him an active sympathy with the greatest and most hapless of poets—passed many hours daily with Tasso in his cell; acted as his amanuensis; listened patiently to his complaints, to the eager petitions or the indignant remonstrances which he poured forth to Alphonso, to his sisters, and to the princes and cardinals, the senates and universities of Italy; and charged himself with the transmission of the letters which his uncle would have suppressed, or perhaps forwarded to his unrelenting enemy. The good spirit, which, in the most poetical of Massinger's plays, soothed and sustained the dying moments of the "virgin-martyr," was scarcely more a spirit of health than was the nephew of the churlish Agostino Mosti.

New bitterness was, in September, 1580, poured into an already brimming cup. His "Jerusalem Delivered" was surreptitiously published, and published in so maimed and meagre a form, as, says Mr. R. Milman, "might well drive any author mad, much more one of Tasso's character." And it was not an enemy who did this, but one who, in a more fortunate season, had boasted of his intimacy with its author. Celio Malaspina, formerly in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained possession of such parts of the poem as had been privately submitted to his master's perusal, and printed them at Venice in September, 1580. He published ten cantos entire, the arguments of the eleventh and twelfth in prose, and the four next cantos with several stanzas which their author had rejected. The whole was lamentably incorrect, confused, and imperfect. Such was the first edition of a poem which all Italy, if not Europe, was eagerly expecting; to the composition and correction of which sixteen years had been devoted; about whose fable, episodes, and diction, the most learned scholars and the most renowned universities had been consulted; which Bolognetti had hailed as a second Æneid; which Ronsard had greeted with a stately sonnet; and to whose immaculate and matured splendor Tasso had looked forward as to the adjustment and compensation of all his woes. About the time of this culmination of his distresses, we obtain a glimpse of the poet from an eye-witness. In the November of the same year Montaigne visited Ferrara, and of course the hospital, where its celebrated inmate appears to have been made a show of to all whom curiosity or pity attracted to its walls. "I had even more indignation," says the honest Gascon, "than compassion, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous an estate, a living shadow of himself, forgetful of himself and of his works." Are we to understand that the forgetfulness was so complete as to have made him then insensible to the last dishonor?

Beyond the walls of Santa Anna, indeed, there was consolation for Tasso, could it have reached him through the din of chains, and shrieks, and maniac laughter, and through the distractions and perturbed visions which were settling upon his mind. He was becoming the madman that Alphonso had reported him to be. But while the poet himself languished in prison, his poem itself was read or recited in city and in country, in market-place and haven, in palace and in convent, on the populous highway, and in solitary glens, from the fountains of the Adige to the Straits of Messina, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the capitals of Spain and France. Men could not praise it enough. Fortunes were made by its sale. Two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in a day or two.

Everywhere, (says Mr. R. Milman,) all over the country, nothing was to be heard but Tasso's echoes. The shepherd read it as he watched by his flocks on the ridgy Apennine. The boatman, rocking in the Campinian Gulf, hung over the verse of his exiled compatriot. The gondolier waiting at the Venetian bridges, whiled away the hours with learning the stately and liquid stanzas. The brigand, lurking behind the rock in the wild passes of the Abruzzi, laid by his matchlock for the strains of love and valor. The merchant, in the inn, ceased thinking over his ships, and the shopkeeper forgot his business, in the gardens of Armida, or the enchanted forest. The prelate and the monk hurried with the book into their cells, to visit in its pages the sacred walls and holy buildings of Jerusalem. The brave cavalier and fair maiden admired the knightly feats, or wept over the tender sorrows of the champions and their ladies, in hall or in shady bower. The scholar to whom the work had been in part submitted, rushed eagerly to see how his criticisms had told. Nobles and princes, and their stately dames, in addition to the interest of the poem, desired to see the verse of the famous object of princely love and princely hate. The French knights panted to see their progenitors' deeds of pious valor blazoned anew to the world in the burning words of song.

Tasso was released from his seven years' imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586. He was released from a life little less burdensome than imprisonment, on the 25th of April, 1595. The strong man was bowed; the grave man had become saturine: he had regained liberty but not repose. At the age of forty-two, with impaired vigor and extinguished hope, he was as much a pilgrim and an exile as when, at the age of twenty, he had entered the service of Alphonso, and offered his willing homage to the virtues and genius of Lucretia and Leonora. A few gleams of prosperity attended the last two years of his life. His fame pervaded Italy: it was proposed to crown Rinaldo's poet with Petrarch's laureate wreath; the noblest houses of Italy aspired to become his patrons; but he had already put too much trust in princes, and his best consolations were the friendship of Manso and the hospitality of the good Benedictines of Mount Olivet.

Throughout his few and evil days he exemplified the remark of the ancient poet, that "he who enters a tyrant's house becomes a slave even if he goes in a freeman." Yet the waves of Tasso, although in themselves it is difficult to consider them medicinal, fell upon a nature so chastened and elevated by endurance, that at the last we can contemplate the closing scene with feelings not purely painful. One by one the inherent imperfections of his disposition appear to have been corrected. His passion for praise, his proneness to take offence, his impatience, his jealousy, and his pride gradually left him. The great reconciler of wrongs, impartial and inexorable death, removed every cloud from his spiritual vision—Alphonso and Ferrara faded away upon the horizon of eternity: even the fame of his Gierusalemme had become "of the earth" and indifferent to him; and his failing senses admitted alone the echoes of the consoling hymn and the words of the parting benediction. In the church of the Monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome, a small marble slab and a more stately monument inform the traveller that there, after his weary pilgrimage, rest the bones of Torquato Tasso.

FOR CHILDREN.

MY GRANDFATHER.

How delighted I used to be, in my boyhood, when I could visit my veteran grand-father, climb upon his old oaken chair, and coax him to tell me stories. He was a great storyteller. Though not always in a mood for story-telling, when he did take a fancy that way, he would charm a group of grand-children for hours together. As long ago as the period when my recollection of him commences, he was quite an old gentleman. His hair—the little which time had spared him—was as white as snow, and the wrinkles in his brow were many and deep.

My grand-father was a man of the old school, and everything in his house until the day he died, was in the ancient style. And when I went to see my grandparents, after I began to sip a little poetry once in a while, I remember I always thought of Goldsmith's description of that old-fashioned house in his "Deserted Village." There, at my grandfather's were

"The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor;
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door,
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day"

There, too, were the aspen-boughs, and the flowers, and the fennel, in the fire-place;

"While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row."

The old house is standing now: and I almost venerate it, for the sake of the loved ones who lived there long since, and who, by their honest, good-natured kindness, rendered that spot the dearest on earth to me, next to my own sweet home.

Nothing pleased the old gentleman better, than to get around him some dozen or more of his little grandchildren. He delighted to join in their sports, and tell them a multitude of just such stories as they liked to hear. There was one season in every year, when the old man expected to see all, or nearly all, his children and grandchildren together at his house. I need scarcely tell my New England friends, that this season was the thanksgiving festival. What a host of us used to assemble on that brown cottage, to enjoy these festive seasons. When we came to sit down at the table, we presented the appearance of a small regiment. The old man always implored the divine blessing on the bounties of the table. This done, we were soon shown, by the generous provision which had been made for our entertainment, how many temporal blessings we had to be thankful for. I wonder how much of imagination there was, at that day, in my estimate of the good things on my grandfather's table, I do not know. But this I knew, that no pumpkin pies or doughnuts, no baked beans or plum puddings, no loaves of gingerbread or apple dumplings, tasted so good to me as those which I ate at my grandfather's; and it seems to me now, that I never encountered such excellent specimens of the cooking art since. I suppose that, however, is one of the illusions of childhood, which has crossed the bridge of a maturer age.

I have said something about my grandfather's stories. I thought then, and I am not sure but I should think now, could I hear him repeat his juvenile stories, that he was a model in this art. His stories were never silly and unmeaning. No one ever heard from his lips such a mass of nonsensical jargon as Jack and his Bean. Nor did he deal much in marvelous, or the terrible. Stories about fairies, ghosts, hobgoblins, fays and the like, had no place in his list. Bluebeard, also, and Robin Hood, and Rob Roy were passed by, as if they never figured in the literature of the age. But such a multitude of tales as he had to tell about what he saw, and heard, and felt, and thought, when he was a boy! there seemed to be no end to the catalogue of the genus of tales. We used to tease him to tell some of these stories, particularly those connected with "war-time" over and over again. We wanted to hear them repeated, long after we had nearly got them by heart. There was one I recollect, which used to be called for as a matter of course, just as regularly as the people call for the Herdsman's Song at Jenny Lind's concerts. The story was something like this:

When my grandfather was a young man, he enlisted in the continental army, donned the continental uniform, and went to fighting in the continental war, for so much a month, continental currency. Well, he had the happiness to hear the whizzing of some scores of the enemy's balls, as they hurried through the ranks where he was fighting. One day a young fellow, who stood in the ranks at his side, was hit by a grape-shot, and mortally wounded. When he fell, my grandfather helped to carry him away beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, where all possible care was taken of him. My grandfather told him that the surgeon said he could not live more than an hour. "Must I die, then," said the young man, "and so early! But it is the will of God, and I must not murmur." Then he called my grandfather, and he had two or three dying requests to make. "There is a Testament," he said, pointing to his pocket, "which my dear mother gave me. She is now in heaven, where, I trust, I shall see her. Give this to my brother, and tell him it was my last request, in my last moments, that he would keep it for my sake and our mother's, and read it often and prayerfully. This watch, Ralph," he added, addressing my grandfather, "my father gave me when I became of age. I will give it to you for a keepsake. Remember me. Remember your Creator, too, and prepare to die. But my breath is gone. Good bye. Bury me by the side of my mother." And he died.

The old watch which the dying soldier gave my grandfather, he carried during his lifetime. It was a very old-fashioned watch, almost as large as a small saucer, I recollect. The old man always took it out and showed it to us, when he told the story connected with it.

Dear old man! his virtues were many, and his faults few. May Heaven assist me to emulate the former, and to shun the latter, that I may find the happy rest to which I would fain hope he had been introduced by his heavenly Father. [Youth's Cabinet.

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THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.
NO. CLXII., FOR NOVEMBER, 1850.
—EDITED BY—
REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D., and REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS
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